National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

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Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

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Selections.

THE MOUNT VERNON COMPANY.

AMONG the new partnerships for the year 1859 is one of special interest to the present generation, and of some possible interest to posterity. We refer to the firm of Everett, Washington & Co., brokers in Virginia lands. The partnership is limited, and will expire when the company shall have accumulated a capital of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars, federal currency, when the profits will be divided as follows: all the honor to Mr. Edward Everett, senior partner, all the cash to Mr. John A. Washington and to his agents who negotiated the partnership with Mr. Everett.

The senior partner is a gentleman of unquestionable integrity and resources. Though he has several times failed in political life, and as a politician has taken the benefit of the General Bankrupt Act, by which the State of Massachusetts has released so many of her debtors from all further obligations to public service, he retains an unsullied character, and has entered into this new firm with the most disinterested integrity. He has invested in the business the latest and highest product of his classic mind and eloquent tongue; and he devotes to it his daily time and strength, conducting a large correspondence, and posting up the accounts every week in the ledger.

Mr. John A. Washington has brought to the concern the name of an illustrious ancestor, and the residuum of his estate, both heavily encumbered. But Mr. Washington—let not Virginia be offended if Thackeray shall hereafter speak of *Mister* Washington—has also a special department of home business which he manages for the interest of the company. The Baltimore *Sun* contains the following advertisement:

$500 REWARD.—Run away from my farm, near Salem, in Fauquier County, Virginia, my NEGRO MAN, JOE. Joe is about twenty-one years old, five feet ten or eleven inches high, and very dark, though not entirely black color. He has a very plain deep scar on his throat—I think on his right side. His address and manners are polite. He was purchased a short time since from Mr. John Richardson, near Berryville, Clarke County, Virginia, and will probably go either in that direction or toward the Point of Rocks. One Hundred Dollars reward will be paid for him if taken in Virginia, the District of Columbia, or on the Potomac River. Two Hundred Dollars if taken in Maryland, and one half of what he will sell for in Alexandria if taken elsewhere. In any event, to be secured and delivered to me, in the County Jail of Alexandria, Va., before the reward is paid.

JOHN A. WASHINGTON.

Mount Vernon, Va., Jan., 14, 1859. j:52w*

The superficial reader might suppose that Mr. Washington was carrying on the business of negro-hunting on his private account. Some nervous friends of Mr. Everett wish him well out of such a partnership; others congratulate themselves that when Mr. Washington shall have received his Two Hundred Thousand Dollars, federal currency, the estate of Mount Vernon will cease to be a hunting-ground for fugitives; forgetting that it will remain under the control of the State of Virginia, whose commercial business consists mainly in raising negroes for exportation, and whose political business is to legislate for the value and security of this species of property. But this advertisement of Mister Washington has a direct bearing upon the business of the Mount Vernon Company.

Washington is a national name, and Mount Vernon is a national institution, second in importance to but one in the land. So long as Mr. Washington and the State of Virginia should have exclusive control of Mount Vernon, *both* our national institutions would be safe; but when the Mount Vernon Company was formed with a Massachusetts man at the head of it, the South were alarmed lest this enterprise should be exalted to the prejudice of that one, peculiar, domestic and national institution for which the Constitution was framed and the Union exists. For, though Mr. Everett could in the main show a clean record, yet, under those æsthetic influences which are employed in Boston to counteract the neuralgic effects of the East wind, he did once sign a letter intimating his regret that Mr. Sumner had been caned; and his retraction of this has failed to put the anxious heart of the South at rest. *Now*, however, if, while Mr. Everett plead for the home and the grave of Washington as a national possession, his partner can use mount Vernon as a hunting-ground for slaves under the national statute of 1850, if while Mr. Everett is soliciting from the truckmen of Boston and the apprentices and seamstresses who read the "Mount Vernon Papers" a half-dollar of their hard earnings to purchase the national inheritance, Mister Washington can borrow of the firm Five Hundred dollars to pay for the privilege of caning Joe upon the premises, then surely the Union is safe, and the Mount Vernon Company is a new link in its perpetuity.

Only one thing is wanting. Mr. Washington's reward increases as the square of the distance. If Joe *could* be caught in Boston, under the advice of the [illegible] patriot! "*Oh, for one hour of Webster!*" exclaimed Mr. Choate. Yes, could Webster have but one hour more, he might link his name forever with that of the father of his country, by running "with alacrity" to deliver Joe to Mister Washington! Cannot Joe be caught before the 22d of February? The incident would furnish Mr. Everett a splendid episode for the annual repetition of his oration in this city. Might not an exhibition of Joe himself at the Academy of Music, handcuffed for Mount Vernon, help the receipts of the Mount Vernon Company?—*Independent.*

HAVE WE A DEMOCRATIC PARTY AMONG US?

From The (Washington) States, Jan. 26.

THE doubt implied in the above interrogatory, however startling at first sight, appears anything but absurd on examination. Nay, at the hazard of contradicting the vulgar prejudice and shocking our own sense of security, we are obliged to announce the deliberate conclusion that there is now no Democratic party in existence. And we will venture the assertion that the paradoxical opinion will be embraced by all observing and reflecting persons.

Of individual Democrats, dispersed over the country, each with his peculiar profession of faith and object of pursuit, there is unquestionably a very abundant supply. But they no more constitute a party, in the philosophical and practical sense of the word, than a heap of unhewn and unadjusted stone constitutes a palace. For the realization of that idea, there must be primarily a common foundation, then a due subordination and fitness among the parts, and finally a complete unity of organization. We doubt if any one of these conditions can be predicated of the Democracy.

In the first place, will any man pretend to affirm that Democrats are agreed upon a basis of principle? In respect of which one among the political issues before the country is there so much even as an approach to unanimity in the "party"? Not, surely, in regard to squatter sovereignty. The disagreement between the President and his Secretary of State on this subject is the symbol of an equivalent difference among the Democracy. Not in regard to the Pacific Railroad, for here again the chief of the Administration is at points with his Secretary of War, and the class of strict construction Democrats dissent from the faith of their less scrupulous associates. Not in regard to federal appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors; since the division of the Cabinet on this issue is likewise responsive to a similar division among the mass of the Democracy. Nor yet is there anything like unanimity in the "party" in regard to that most important matter of all, the tariff question, in respect of which Mr. Buchanan affirms one belief, while Mr. Cobb maintains directly the opposite.

We need not recapitulate all the points of divergent doctrine among the Democracy. It is sufficient to say that upon no single issue is there adequate agreement for a common basis of action.

In the matter of organization we discover an equal absence of concord and unity in the "party." We have a Lecompton and an anti-Lecompton faction; there are the followers of Douglas and here the adherents of Buchanan; in short, as many as are the aspirants for the Presidency, so many are the cliques and cabals among the Democracy.

Heretofore the Administration has afforded a rallying point for the individuals of the "party"; but, instead, it is become an original occasion of dispute and dissension. In these latter days, the recommendation of a Democratic Executive implies little more authority with a Democratic representative than with a member of the opposition.

In one particular the Democracy are thought to be very generally agreed in opinion and concurrent in action, and that is in the pursuit of the spoils. But even in this most important matter they exhibit the same diversity of interest and policy observable in every other regard. The course of the present Democratic Executive has been signalized by the indiscriminate ostracism of the surviving officeholders of its Democratic predecessor. And in respect of future promotion, the rival factions in the "party" are more intent each on the defeat of its rival than on the overthrow of the common enemy. Unless these domestic dissensions be harmonized by the prevalence of more fraternal counsels or suppressed by the pressure of an overshadowing peril, we are not warranted in anticipating the cordial coöperation of the various factions among the "party" in the struggle of 1860. Even the potent spell of the spoils will not now avail to subdue the demon of discord among the Democracy.

It is no absurd speculation, therefore, to inquire whether there be a Democratic party among us? In fact, on elaborate investigation, we are constrained to return a negative respond to the question. There is no such entity as a Democratic party. Greater confusion of tongues and opposition of interests did not prevail among the children of men after their ambitious but abortive attempt in the plain of Shinah than are now visible in the broken ranks and mutual animosities of the once harmonious and triumphant Democracy.

THE OBERLIN RESCUE CASE.

From The Columbus State Journal.

OBERLIN, Tuesday, Jan. 18, 1859.

EDITOR STATE JOURNAL: Your readers have been advised of the facts that the alleged rescuers of the slave John, at Wellington, have been indicted, and most of them have voluntarily appeared in Court to answer to the bills found against them. They will, perhaps, be interested to hear of a new feature which the case has taken on—*the violent* ARREST, IRONING and IMPRISONMENT, *in your county*, of one of the parties indicted. The gentleman who has suffered the indignity I am about to describe is a young Englishman, a member of college in this place, and a person of excellent character and deportment. Before notice of the indictments was served, Mr. Lincoln, for such is his name, had gone to your county to take a school. The fact that he was in the neighborhood was presently discovered by Mr. Samuel Davis, a bailiff in the United States Court, and a helper of Deputy Marshal Lowe, in "the Wellington case." With a zeal worthy of his Wellington antecedents, Mr. Davis wrote to Cleveland for a warrant for the arrest of Lincoln, and on its arrival he made haste to execute it. The serving of the writ occurred in this wise: About 1 1-2 o'clock on Friday last, Mr. Lincoln was engaged in the duties of his school, when suddenly one of the children cried out with terror (for threats from the officers had reached the ears of the scholars), "Master, there comes Sam Davis." "Well, children," answered the teacher, "whatever may happen, keep perfectly quiet."

There was a knock, the door opened, Mr. Davis and another of the same breed presented themselves. "Your name is Lincoln?" abruptly said the official. "It is." "Ah! you are just the man I want; I've got a warrant for your arrest; so come along." And while saying this the dignitary drew from his pocket a pair of manacles, which he proceeded to attach to the person of his prisoner. "Stop," says Lincoln, "I shall make no resistance; I shall of course go with you; you need not put these things upon me." But the plea was of no avail. The official could not lose the opportunity for revenging the fright he got at Wellington. So, kindly giving his captive permission to say a few words to his school, he drove off *with his prisoner in chains;* and that prisoner an unoffending Christian man, who would have scorned to make the least resistance to the writ which was being served. I ought to say that the valiant official did not get away until the outraged children had launched at him a good many epithets less complimentary than true.

The arrest completed, Davis proceeded to lodge his prisoner in the jail in your city, which was twelve miles distant. On the way, he was several times asked to remove the irons, but refused to do so; nor were the manacles unclasped till the prisoner had been taken into the interior of the jail and introduced to Marshal Lowe. Then, when Lowe had sufficiently triumphed over his prey, the young man was turned loose among the felons who were to be his companions for the night. Precisely how desirable a lodging among thieves in a fetid cell, swarming with rats, was likely to be, you can imagine as well as I.

Presently, the prisoner made an effort to communicate with personal acquaintances in the city; but the greatest favor he could receive was the promise that a letter should be lodged in the post-office (to get thence to its destination *after* he should be miles away). But, though in bonds, the captive was honored with company. Two or three men came in, evidently either to sound or taunt him. One of the visitors was Dayton, Clerk of the House, who hails (and we always put on sackcloth and ashes when we acknowledge it) from our place. As he was "in cahoot" with Lowe when that worthy was man-hunting in Lorain, it is proper that he should be invited in to share the official's triumph. Some of us wonder that we did not think of making some recompense for the protection he enjoyed at our hand, when his soul shivered before popular rage which his complicity with kidnapping roused, by hastening to Professor Monroe, whether he was asked to do so or not, and telling him of the plight a neighbor was in.

Not to dwell on further particulars, I may say that the prisoner was kept with no food till the next morning at 3 o'clock, when Lowe started with him for Cleveland. At Cleveland the prisoner *was discharged on his own recognizance*, as soon as Judge Wilson could be found. Now, if *manacles and imprisonment in a jail* are not singular treatment for a man who is on his way to be discharged on his own recognizance, and whom the attending officer had reason to suppose would be so discharged, then I am altogether mistaken.

And I am still more mistaken if Davis and Lowe do not find, before they get through with this matter, that kidnapping in Ohio and all its adjuncts are serious and expensive amusements. I promise you, sir, that the fire which this outrage has kindled in Lorain will not go out till an effort has been made to teach these arbitrary and insolent officials that freemen know what their rights are.

Respectfully yours, H. E. PECK.

THE CUBA QUESTION.

Correspondence of The Times.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Jan. 26, 1859.

THE comparison made by Mr. Seward, the other day, between the President, in his Cuban programme, and the illustrious "Mrs. Toodles," seems exactly to fit the case, and Mr. Slidell's thirty-million corruption scheme is already very appropriately known as the "Toodles Bill." To no set of thinking men does this plan for acquiring Cuba appear more absurd than the very parties who for many years have been devoting much time and attention to the creation of a public sentiment in favor of such acquisition. Generally they laugh at the whole proceeding as it now appears, and the few who are inclined to take a graver view of the question are satisfied that if the pending scheme is pushed it will speedily involve us in a war with one or more European powers. This apprehension is already beginning to impress itself upon the minds of many Southern gentlemen, to whom war appears rather an immoderate price to pay for a false issue designed for mere partisan effect.

Mr. Buchanan has long occupied a most inconsistent, not to say hypocritical, position upon the Cuban question, *the evidence of which is on file in the State Department in official form*, and ought to be produced. Everybody knows the part that Mr. Buchanan took in the Ostend Conference. When the proceedings of the Conference became known, and public sentiment in the United States so generally reprobated its proposition to steal Cuba, if Spain would not sell it, Mr. Buchanan—then Minister at London—addressed a Jesuitical letter to Secretary Marcy, attempting to explain away his complicity in the transaction, *and expressing his deep regret that he had signed the Manifesto!* This fact I have from an undoubted source, and the statement may be implicitly relied upon.

It will be remembered that after Mr. Soulé returned from Spain, finding that the Administration and Mr. Buchanan also had backed out and left him alone in the Ostend breach, into which they had betrayed him, he was about to make an *exposé* in his own vindication. The fact of such intention was announced in the press, and then energetically denied. That it was his purpose to make the publication is strictly true, and his *exposé* would probably have been of a character compelling Mr. Marcy to get Buchanan's letter above referred to out before the public. Under influence of earnest appeals from Messrs. Pierce, Cushing and Jefferson Davis, Mr. Soulé generously abandoned his purpose. The probable motive in securing this suppression was that of keeping Mr. Buchanan abroad, as Mr. Pierce feared him more than any other rival candidate before the Cincinnati Convention. The present certainly is a good time for getting out the letter in question; and some Senator would do well to call for it by resolution. If its existence is denied, the fact can be substantiated that it was on file once, and that its character was precisely what I have stated. Who believes that Senators, knowing these facts—and they are familiar to more than one of them on the Administration side of the chamber—have any idea of intrusting Mr. Buchanan with thirty millions of dollars to bribe a treaty for the transfer of Cuba to the United States?

A CASE OF RETURNING TO SLAVERY.

From The Evening Post.

THE historian Priscus, who accompanied an embassy once sent by the Emperor of Constantinople to the Huns of Attila, tells of a Greek whom he met in the wild Danubian forests, who had voluntarily surrendered the charms of civilized life for what he esteemed the greater charms of barbarism. He not only valued the companionship of the ugly and cruel Oughers—so ugly indeed that the Romans compared them to the carved wooden images attached to their bridges, and their own barbaric neighbors, the Germans, supposed them to be the off-spring of the witches and demons of the desert—but he argued at great length that everybody else ought to prefer barbarism. He dwelt upon the delights of the free nomadic life, the simplicity and wholesomeness of the diet, grasses and insects, the exemption from family cares, the absence of the tax-gatherer, and of that "mud-honey" of corruption which tempted so many to their ruin in luxurious cities and towns.

It does not appear, however, that any of the Greek embassy were seduced, by the persuasions of the self-banished philosopher, from the court of Theodosius to the court of Attilla—from the sumptuous indulgences of Constantinople to the coarser fare of the Hungarian woods. Neither, if they had been, would the fact of their conversion have argued much in favor of the superiority of a savage or barbarous to a civilized life. It would simply have shown that their tastes were somewhat eccentric, to say the least of them. Civilization would have been still, even in those days, better than barbarism, and the arts and enjoyments of a polished and regulated society greatly to be preferred to the restless, turbulent and imbruted manners of a horde of wandering savages.

We are reminded of this case by an occurrence in North Carolina, which seems to have suggested a train of reasoning similar to that to which we here respond. A slave girl named Emily Hooper, whose father held some official position in Liberia, was redeemed by her parent and carried to that colony; but her relatives dying soon afterwards, she has applied to her former mistress to be taken back into slavery. The Legislature of North Carolina, in which State the mistress resides, is requested to legitimate this second reduction of the poor girl to bondage, and the legislators of North Carolina exclaim, "Behold what a testimony in favor of the institution of slavery in this State, when a woman, after experiencing the benefits of liberty, begs permission to return as the slave of her former mistress." Even the Washington *Union*—never a profound reasoner, by the way—catches up the cry and alleges that the case "shows that the hardships attendant upon domestic slavery have been greatly misrepresented by designing politicians and their tools." But how so? A poor girl, taken away from the land of her nativity to a distant and rude settlement—from the companions of her youth to the society of perfect strangers—from a kind and gentle mistress, doubtless, to destitution and orphanage, prefers to return to her old home and affections. The fact is natural; but the inference, how beautiful is slavery, is not natural. A man might choose to eat obscene food rather than starve, but his choice would not render the food either highly nutritive or palatable. And so a person may prefer slavery at Chapel Hill to abandonment in Congo, without proving thereby that slavery is good. It only proves that, in the particular circumstances of a particular case, slavery is preferred to something worse. If the parents of Emily had lived, if she could have been assured the advantages of society, if her freedom had been accompanied by the ordinary conditions of freedom, it does not appear that she would have desired to change her lot, but the probability is that she would have remained where she was, glad to have escaped a life of bondage, glad to have achieved a state in which her rights, her faculties and her social ambitions would be respected.

But the attempt to press this case into the service of slavery shows to what straits the defenders of that system are reduced. Thousands of slaves every year quit their servitude, enduring the greatest hardships, and hazarding their lives to do so; and other thousands would eagerly follow their example if they could. The most sedulous watch is set by their masters, not merely to keep them from running away, but to prevent them from learning even that it is possible to run away; and yet, in the face of this universal and constant testimony of the practical estimate put upon their state by the slaves themselves, every instance of a voluntary return to it is trumpeted as a triumphant refutation of all objections! The evidence of the Fred. Douglasses, the Box Browns, and of crowds of other fugitives from the South, we are told, must pass for nothing, while such solitary cases as that of Emily Hooper must carry with them irresistible force.

NEBRASKA SLAVE-CATCHERS IN IOWA.

From The Chicago Journal.

SOME weeks ago we stated the fact of the escape of two slaves from one S. F. Nuckolls of Nebraska City into Iowa, which is on the opposite side of the Missouri River; and we also stated at the time that said Nuckolls accused the Free-Soilers of the Iowa side of having coaxed off the slaves aforesaid, who are spoken of as "two likely mulatto girls," and that he was threatening vengeance.

Well, sure enough, we now learn that this slaveholder in a free Territory, accompanied by a band of Nebraska "Democrats," crossed the river, and first visited the town of Civil Bend, where, without legal or any other authority but that of brute force, they entered the houses of residents and searched them from garret to cellar, to find the missing slaves. Finally they suspected that a colored family in the neighborhood knew of their whereabouts, and thither they went, tore down the house, but without finding the slaves, and then seized two boys belonging to the family and whipped one almost to death and hanged the other till life was almost extinct, to force a "confession" out of them. The boys at first denied all knowledge of the girls, but finally, to save their lives, sent their persecutors to the house of a Dr. Smith, a respectable old citizen, with the remark that the slaves were probably there. They broke down the door of Dr. Smith's house, and searched in every nook and corner of the rooms. Not finding the girls there, they next went to the house of a Mr. Williams, and forcibly entered and searched it. Mr. W., meeting them as they came out, remarked that they were "in a mean business," whereupon a brother of Nuckolls struck him over the head with a cane, and the other Nuckolls drew a pistol.

The towns of Civil Bend and Tabor, and the whole north-western part of Iowa, were searched, without any legal warrant, the slave-catchers declaring their right to hunt for niggers wherever they thought fit. Their company numbered some seventy in all, some of whom were arrested before they got through, for trespass, riot, &c. But for the extraordinary forbearance of the Yankees of Western Iowa, there would have been a serious collision, resulting in bloodshed. At last accounts, the bloodhounds had abandoned the search and given up the slaves as lost.

KIDNAPPING IN KANSAS.

The Leavenworth Times of Jan. 15 contains what we suppose was the first act of the rescue case reported by telegraph from St. Louis as having occurred at Leavenworth. The rescued party was one Charley Fisher, who is represented by *The Times* as a freeman from birth, and as having resided at Leavenworth for the greater part of two years past, with his wife and child, employed as a barber at the Planters' Hotel. He is the same person who was the object of an unsuccessful attempt at kidnapping made at Lawrence last autumn. The same attempt was now again renewed and more successfully at Leavenworth—two police officers of the city assisting in the operation. They first attempted to entice him into the "Star Saloon," under pretence of having a letter for him. Not succeeding in that, they lounged about his shop till the hotel was closed, when they placed a ladder against the door, and one of them, revolver in hand, climbed to a small window over it, and threatened Charley with instant death if he did not rise from the lounge on which he was sleeping, and open the door. Having thus effected an entrance, under pretence that he was accused of theft, they handcuffed him, but instead of carrying him to prison marched him down to the river, put him into a skiff, and rowed him across to the Missouri side. The cries of the kidnapped man as he was thus carried along were heard by several persons, who went out to see what was the matter, but were told it was only an Irishman arrested for fighting—under cover of which story, the kidnappers carried off their victim. But, though they had succeeded in carrying Charley off, they were not able to keep him. The next night he fled from his captors—handcuffed as he was—got into a skiff, floated three miles down the river, and, in attempting to land, got up to his neck in the water, but, with the last effort of his failing strength, succeeded in reaching the soil of Kansas. A large meeting was held to welcome him back, and it was agreed on all hands that he was worthy of freedom. It would appear, from the telegraphic despatch of yesterday that he had been subsequently arrested on a regular warrant as a fugitive slave, and committed to prison for further examination. A first attempt to release him was repelled by the officers in charge, but, upon a second attempt, the door was cut down, and Charley carried off in triumph.—*Tribune.*

A SLAVER IN NEW LONDON.

From The New London (Conn.) Chronicle, January 21.

A VESSEL has been fitted out in this port upon the pretence of being intended for a whaling voyage, but—as it would now seem—in reality to be engaged in the African slave trade; and but for the watchfulness and energetic action of some of our citizens, might possibly at this time be on her way to the coast of Africa, after a cargo of negroes. The particulars of the case are as follows:

Some time in the month of November an offer was made to the trustees of the estate of Perkins & Smith, of this city, of $6,500 for the bark Laurens, belonging to that firm, and then lying in this port. The offer was accepted and the transfer of the vessel was duly made to a Boston shipbroker, who was the purchaser. He stated that he was buying for other parties, who intended to fit her here and send her on a whaling voyage. At once, after the purchase, preparations for the voyage were commenced. As matters progressed it was noticed by Captain Charles Prentis—one of the trustees who had sold the ship, and fully conversant with the details of preparation for a whaling cruise—that the Laurens was being fitted after an extraordinary fashion. He observed indications of a total ignorance of their business, on the part of those persons from abroad, under whose direction the work was going on. The necessary whaling-gear was not taken on board, but just enough was put into her to create suspicion that the preparations for whaling were intended as a blind, under cover of which she would be got ready for some other business.

A large quantity of stone ballast was put into the ship, extensive provision of water casks was made, the commodious steerage was nicely whitewashed and painted, and, in short, things were done in a style entirely new to our experienced New London whalers. It became unmistakably evident that the vessel was not intended to make a whaling cruise; and among the various conjectures as to her real destination, the coast of Africa was hinted at.

It was surmised that she might, one of these days, carry a cargo of "wool and ivory" somewhere—that she was a *slaver*. Her stores were not purchased here, but in New York, and within a week past the time arrived when they were to have been received here. On Sunday last a sloop came in from New York and brought them. That it may be seen what sort of preparations the owners made for their whaling cruise, we publish the list of the stores brought by the sloop. What do our whalemen, who are used to such "grub" as hard biscuit and salt junk, think of a bill of fare like this?

[Here follows a list, embracing one hundred and twenty barrels of bread, *thirty barrels of rice*, and a large lot of provisions, mainly luxuries, such as tongues, sardines, &c.]

Thirty barrels of rice is a large allowance for a whaleship, but "culled pussons" fresh from Africa are said to be quite fond of it, and to make it their chief article of diet on the voyage over. It was discovered that fourteen of the twenty-four bags of meal were very much heavier than the rest, and suspicions at once arose that the heavy bags contained a cat under the meal. All these suspicious circumstances, together with the fact that no crew was shipped for the voyage, nor seen about here, and the singular conduct of those in charge of the vessel, led to consultations between Capt. Prentis and the revenue officers of the port. The result was that the cutter was held in readiness to head off any attempt to slip that vessel out of port; the United States Marshal was sent for, and the further movements of the would-be slaver were awaited.

On Wednesday evening the vessel was hauled out from her berth at the wharf into the stream, ready to sail yesterday morning, as it was intended she should. She did not sail at the appointed time, however, doubtless for sufficient reasons. Last night, at about five o'clock, she was boarded by a boat from the revenue cutter Campbell, in charge of Lieutenant Carson. In the boat were Collector Mather, United States District-Attorney Shipman, Marshal Bacon, and City Sheriff Dunford. They found on board the vessel only three persons—a "boat-steerer," cook and steward. Neither the captain nor any one to represent the owners were to be found. The government officials at once took possession of the bark to await the result of an examination into the case. The three men found on board were not detained as prisoners, but were allowed to come ashore. Lieutenant Carson was put in charge of the vessel, who remained on board in possession. What facts may come out upon a careful investigation of the case cannot of course be yet known, but appearances point strongly toward the conclusion that we *have* a SLAVER now lying in our port.

MAN-HUNTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Now that the wheels of legislation are again in motion at Harrisburg, we wish to urge upon our Senators and Representatives there the necessity of enacting a Personal Liberty law for this Commonwealth—a law securing to every man within the limits of the State a right to his person and his liberty. We ask that hunting for men with a view to enslave them be forever prohibited in this State. We ask that the homes and the hearths of the old Keystone be protected by law from the ravages of the kidnapper, and the plunderings of the man-hunter. We perceive that movements towards urging such beneficent and needed legislation are being made in another section. A large and influential Anti-Slavery Convention was recently held in Philadelphia, at which strong resolutions were passed upon the subject, and the circulation of the annexed petition was recommended:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the State of Pennsylvania, respectfully ask that you will pass a law prohibiting the surrender of any human being claimed as a slave on the soil of Pennsylvania.

THIS form of petition is pointed, brief and embodies correct sentiment. We propose to print blank copies of this petition, or one of similar import, for circulation in this region of the State. Who will refuse to sign such a paper? We may not succeed in persuading our lawtinkers to act upon our prayer. It is probable that we may not. But we may begin to-day an agitation which one day will culminate in this desirable action. We can put our wishes on record. We can give expression to the moral sentiment of the people on this subject. Similar movements are being carried forward in other States, with marked promises of success. We profess to be a free State—we are now such only in name. Our verdant meadows and smiling hill-sides are all open to the invader who may come hither scenting human blood! Every human being is free by virtue of his birth—free because God made him so. We ask not, then, as some have basely claimed, that no man shall be taken into slavery from this State without a trial by jury. We ask no such absurd and cringing thing. Let no man be put on trial in Pennsylvania to ascertain whether he belongs to himself or not! But let us enact, as a sovereign State worthy of the name, that every human being on our soil *is free*, and shall be protected in his freedom. We owe it to ourselves, to humanity and justice, to honor and consistency, to do this thing.—*Erie True American.*

BURNING A NEGRO AT THE STAKE.

DREADFUL PARTICULARS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Maysville *Eagle* gives the following particulars of the recent burning of a negro at Troy, Ky., for the murder of his master:

On New Year's day the annual negro sales took place at Troy, the county seat, and there was quite a collection of people there; everything went on smoothly until about 3 o'clock in the evening, when Mr. James Calaway, a brother-in-law of the deceased, mounted upon an old goods-box before a store door, and addressed the people for about fifteen minutes. He said if the mass of the people felt as he did, and would do their duty, which he believed they would, that they would take the black murderer out of jail and burn him at the stake, in the presence of all the negroes that were there, to set an example before them, and show them what will be the result of all such conduct if there should ever be such again. Then he closed by saying, "All that feel as I do will follow me." He then leaped from the stand, and there was a general shout given, and he led the way to the jail, and nine-tenths of the multitude followed. On arriving at the jail they found the sheriff and jailer, who did all they could to suppress the mob, but all to no purpose.

They now mustered some 800 or 1,000 strong. They then commenced with sledge hammers, crowbars and axes, and in about an hour entered the jail and brought forward their victim (the negro murderer). They marched him to the centre of the jail-yard, drove down a large stake and chained him, in an erect position, hands and feet fast to the stake. There was an abundance of shavings and fine split wood piled around him—this consumed some half hour. During this time, the negro talked to the negroes that gathered round him. He told them that he had a good master, and that he was always treated too well and given too many liberties, and for them to take warning in time and never do as he had done. Then the torch was applied, and he seemed to be entirely indifferent about it until the flames began to burn as high as his knees. Then he began to twist, and stort and groan, and in about a minute more he commenced to scream. He gave some of the most hideous screams that I ever heard come from any human being.

I could not stand to see any more and left. When I left, the flames were burning as high as his head. I was only a spectator, took no hand either for or against. I think that there were some 1,500 to 2 000 people to witness this dreadful scene, and 200 or 300 negroes.

THE ELEPHANT IN DANGER.

IN Colman's comic tales, entitled "Broad Grins," a story is told of two men employed by the manager of a theatre to personate an elephant. They walked inside of a large pasteboard figure of the quadruped, dividing the legs equally between them, one of them taking the fore-legs as his share and the other the posterior pair. The elephant thus constituted performed greatly to the delight of the audience; it moved about on the stage with a majestic tread, and was talked of far and near, until a quarrel arose between the worthies inside, owing to a jealousy which the man who stood in the hind legs conceived of his associate. Strange muffled sounds and half-stifled oaths were heard to proceed from the animal's stomach, and the two performers fought till they had torn the pasteboard figure to rags, scattering it about the stage, and stood uncased before the audience.

A combat quite as interesting is at present going on inside of the great pasteboard elephant which figures on the stage of the American Union. The fore-legs and hind-legs are in a quarrel and have already come to blows. One of the most remarkable indications of the breaking-up of the party which has so long worn the appellation of Democratic in this country is seen in the manner in which those who at the present day bear that name in Virginia conduct their State election.

Mr. Letcher, their regular candidate for the office of Governor, is supported by his party for the very reason that he disagrees on most important questions of public policy with James Buchanan, the Democratic President. We have before us the Richmond *Enquirer* of yesterday, containing a leader on this subject, very carefully written, in which Mr. Letcher is expressly recommended to the people on this account. The writer supposes that Mr. Andrew Hunter, a Know-Nothing or Nativist, of Jefferson County, will receive the opposition nomination for Governor of Virginia, and then goes on to imagine Mr. Hunter making a speech, the substance of which is this—for it is quite too long for us to do anything with, except to give an abstract. "Mr. Buchanan is pledged to all the doctrines of the old Whig party—so am I. He is for a liberal construction of the Constitution—so am I. He is for internal improvements by the Federal Government—so am I. He is in favor of a protective tariff—so am I. Mr. Buchanan is 'in favor of immediate control over all the financial agencies of the Union, embodying the Whig policy of a bankrupt law, and answering every purpose of a national bank'—so am I. He is for a larger standing army—so am I. He is for an increased navy—so am I. He is for liberal appropriations, large expenditures, and a public debt, 'supplying investment to capitalists, and creating a necessity for a tariff essentially protective'—so am I. I demand, therefore, the support and the votes of the friends of the Administration."

"How," says the Richmond *Enquirer*, "can we meet such an appeal?" Now it seems to us that there are two ways of meeting it. One of them is for the present Democratic party to say to Mr. Andrew Hunter, of Jefferson County: "We admit the truth of all you say, but at present we are just as good Whigs as you. We have changed our opinion, and are ready to support internal improvements, a protective tariff, a generous expenditure, a large army and a powerful navy; but we have a better man than you for candidate, and, besides, you are not regularly nominated by our party." It happens, however, that this method of putting Mr. Hunter aside does not meet with the approbation of the Richmond *Enquirer*, which proceeds to say:

"There will be but one way. Standingly firmly on the Cincinnati platform, *we must repudiate the President's message.* The Democratic candidate will at once raise the old Democratic banner of State Rights, Strict Construction, Anti-Internal Improvements by the General Government, Anti-Protective Tariff, Anti-Bankrupt Law, Anti-Distribution of Public Lands, Retrenchment and Reform. Such is the course marked out for Mr. Letcher by his letter of acceptance, by his previous pledges, by the voice of the unwavering Democracy of his State. And on these issues we are willing to abide the result. The Democracy is never so nobly triumphant as when it battles for the fundamental principles of its creed."

No way to carry Virginia for the Democratic party but to "repudiate the President's Message"! James Buchanan and all his works are to be renounced as the price of political salvation. They are quite too heavy a load for Virginia to carry just at present, and are to be thrown overboard like a cargo of lead in a storm, to lighten the ship, which might otherwise founder and go down.

The course of the Richmond *Enquirer* has always been a pretty sure indication of the sentiment of its own party in the State. It neither precedes nor halts behind that sentiment. The old Democrats of Virginia are plainly disgusted with James Buchanan, who stands in the fore legs of the elephant; and we do not see what is to save the pasteboard figure from being torn to fragments in the quarrel.—*Evening Post.*

THE QUARREL BETWEEN SENATORS DOUGLAS AND FITCH.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, January 23, 1859.

THE scene in the executive session of the Senate on Friday evening last was one of the most extraordinary that ever occurred in any deliberative assembly in the civilized world. The telegraphic sketch of the affair, copied into *The Evening Post* of Saturday from a morning paper, does not state all the facts nor exhibit the virus of the words uttered. The President sent to the Senate the name of Mr. Potter, ex-member of Congress from Ohio, as Collector of the "Miami district" in that State. Mr. Pugh rose, and, with a good deal of feeling, opposed the confirmation of Potter. He said the man who had been removed by Mr. Buchanan to give Mr. Potter the place was his (Pugh's) friend, that the President knew such to be the fact, *and removed him because such was the fact.* He declared, with emphasis, that if the President of the United States desired to make a personal onslaught upon him, he could come on—the sooner the better! Mr. Pugh, growing more and more excited, appealed to his friends in the Senate to vote with him against the confirmation of Potter. This appeal brought up Mr. Douglas, who promised his vote to the Senator from Ohio. Mr. Douglas then commented, with an unbridled tongue, upon the nominations made by the President in Illinois. He said all his friends had been removed from place and power, and they had been removed solely *because* they were his friends. He denounced all the federal officeholders in Illinois, appointed by Buchanan to fill the places once occupied by his friends, as his bitterest personal enemies, who were "scoundrels and thieves." This called up Dr. Fitch (one of the squatter Senators from Indiana, *whose son is United States District-Attorney of Illinois*). The Doctor, very much excited, and with a menacing attitude, said: "The Senator from Illinois states what is untrue, *and what he knows to be untrue.*" The President called to "order." Intense excitement prevailed. Mr. Douglas then modified his remark by saying that there were exceptions to the rule, but that they were scarce. He then plunged into the post-masters of Illinois. He said that whenever mail robberies were committed in Illinois they never dreamed of going outside of the post-offices to discover the robber. They always knew that the postmasters were the guilty parties. [Cries of "Order, order," from several Senators, and the President demands general order and calls the Senator from Illinois to order.] Dr. Fitch, who had been standing during the confusion, as soon as order was partially restored, repeated that the Senator from Illinois had again stated a positive falsehood, and that he knew it was false. This brought chaos again, amidst which some Senators were standing in their places and others were approaching the seats of Douglas and Fitch, which are near together. The President called both Senators to order. Several Senators moved an adjournment, while others appealed to the Senate to allow Douglas to proceed. At last a temporary quiet was secured, and Mr. Douglas proceeded to pitch—not into Mr. Fitch—but into the postmasters of Illinois. He charged that they had stolen and destroyed over five thousand of his speeches, which had been directed to his constituents; that they had broken open, read and then destroyed his private letters, &c., &c. This style of talk again produced confusion, which, after some considerable effort on the part of the President, was allayed. Efforts were made by several Senators to obtain the floor. Objection was made to Mr. Douglas's proceeding. Motions were made that he proceed in order. Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, objected. Standing about six feet from Mr. Douglas, with a cold and determined manner, and casting upon that Senator a steady and piercing glance, with his long, bony finger directed in a menacing attitude at his object, Mr. Davis addressed the "Little Giant", thus: "I have sat in my place and listened with feelings of indignation to language from the Senator from Illinois which would disgrace the highwayman and the bravo!" The President's hammer again fell, accompanied by the emphatic remark that "the Senator from Mississippi is out of order." Here was another chaos, in the midst of which Senators were anxious to observe what desperate effort the "Little Giant" would make against so pointed an attack. Those who expected to see Douglas strike the Mississippian down in his tracks for applying to him such

and forcibly liberate the five slaves, *together with other slaves*. One of these companies I assumed to direct. We proceeded to the place, surrounded the buildings, liberated the slaves, and also took certain property supposed to belong to the estate. We, however, learned, before leaving, that a portion of the articles we had taken belonged to a man living on the plantation as a tenant, and who was supposed to have no interest in the estate. We promptly returned to him *all we had taken*. We then went to another plantation, where we freed five more slaves, took some property, and two white men. We moved slowly away into the territory, for some distance, and then sent the white men back, telling them to follow us as soon as they chose to do so. The other company freed one female slave, took some property, and, as I am informed, killed one white man (the master), who fought against the liberation.

Now for a comparison. Eleven persons are forcibly restored to their "natural and inalienable rights," with but one man killed, and all "Hell is stirred from beneath." It is currently reported that the Governor of Missouri has made a requisition upon the Governor of Kansas for the delivery of all such as were concerned in the last-named "dreadful outrage." The Marshall of Kansas is said to be collecting a posse of Missouri (not Kansas) men at West Point, in Missouri, a little town about ten miles distant, to "enforce the laws." All pro-slavery, conservative, Free-State and doughface men, and Administration tools, are filled with holy horror.

Consider the two cases, and the action of the Administration party.

Respectfully yours, JOHN BROWN.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

TWENTY-FIFTH ANTI-SLAVERY ANNIVERSARY SUBSCRIPTION.

THIS effort to abolish slavery, by increasing the funds of that moral, militant power combined by the American Anti-Slavery Society, was crowned with extraordinary success, whether considered from the point of view of Anti-Slavery Friendship or Anti-Slavery Finance.

It reunited the friends of the cause from every part of the country—from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South—while Europe joined with America in behalf of the principles of Freedom, so important to the welfare and existence of all nations at this moment of crisis.

We shall give a more extended account of this interesting occasion hereafter. At present we can only report that the results were double those of last year, amounting to about

$6,000,

with but trifling attendant expense; the home contributions bearing an honorable proportion to the foreign ones.

The Boston anti-slavery families were not mistaken in supposing the existence, both in their city and their State, of a wider feeling of sympathy in the great religious and political principles that form the basis of the cause than could find a passage through the former channel of the Bazaar, up to this year so good a one for its transmission. We hope to receive a copy of many interesting communications, read in the several social circles united on the occasion, in season for our next week's issue.

The following appropriate and beautiful lines were among those sung on the occasion. The others we hope also to receive next week.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Written for the Twenty-fifth National Anti-Slavery Anniversary.

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

"Only by these lines shall I be able to be present at it: but I dedicate them to those who, for twenty-five years, have striven to arouse—who during that time have almost been—the conscience of the nation."—*Letter of Mr. Longfellow.*

A quarter of the circling sphere
Has rounded onward to the light;
We see not yet the morning clear,
We only see the paling night.

But Hope, that aye relumes her fires,
And Faith, that shines a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage reinspires—
These stars have shined above us still.

O sentinels, whose tread we heard
Through long hours when we could not see,
Pause now! exchange with cheer the word,
The unchanging watch-word LIBERTY!

Look backward, how much has been won!
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou! whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds—
O keep us steadfast, patient, true!

CONTRADICTED.—In our column of news summary, two weeks since, appeared a paragraph, credited to the Memphis (Tenn.) *Avalanche*, stating that "a girl known to be the daughter of Frederick Douglass" was lately offered for sale in that place by a trader named Foster. Having seen this paragraph in, perhaps, fifty of our exchanges, and no contradiction having come to our knowledge, we inserted it, *duly credited to its pro-slavery source*. A certain paper in Rochester, which we need not name, accuses us, with characteristic rudeness, of printing the statement in question "knowing it to be untrue." We do not deem it necessary to defend ourselves against such an accusation, from such a source; we only put it on record because it is the first intimation that has reached us that the story has been authoritatively denied. A denial *may* have appeared in the same paper of a previous date, but if so, it failed to reach this office, and we have not seen it, or even heard of it. On the other hand, we have heard rumors, at various times within the last few years, that the editor of the paper in question had a daughter in slavery; hence we thought it *not impossible* that the statement in the Memphis journal was true.

Rev. Milo P. Jewett, who for some years had charge of a female school in Marion, Ala., now teaches a seminary at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He has in his family three slaves, nor can the Abolitionists persuade them to leave him.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Mr. Jewett may have in his family three colored servants, formerly slaves in Alabama; but the *Picayune* should remember that slavery is here contrary to law, and therefore any assertion of ownership on his part would amount to nothing. The servants probably know their rights under our laws, and, as Mr. Jewett is a permanent resident of Poughkeepsie, they have no motive for leaving him. The advocates of slavery must be hard pushed, or they would not attempt to find support for the system in a circumstance like this.

DR. CHEEVER ON THE SLAVE TRADE.—We learn that the Rev. Dr. Cheever will preach a discourse, on Sabbath evening next, in the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square, upon the iniquity and outrage of reopening the Slave Trade, and the crime against God of its continuance, whether foreign or domestic. Services commence at half-past 7 o'clock. In consideration of the importance of the theme and the solemnity of the crisis in our national affairs, the house should be thronged. Every friend of the anti-slavery cause should embrace this opportunity of hearing the Luther of the modern pulpit.

CONVENTION AT LONGWOOD.—An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at Longwood on the 12th and 13th inst., commencing on Saturday, the 12th, at 2 o'clock. The meeting is appointed by the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, at the instance of the friends in the neighborhood. Lucretia Mott, J. M. McKim, Edward Collyer and other speakers are expected to be present. All persons interested in the great question which now agitates the country are invited to attend.

THE HAYTIEN REVOLUTION.—We have advices from Gonaives, the seat of revolution, to the 12th ult. Geffrard appeared to be gaining ground, and we shall not be surprised to hear at any moment of the abdication of Soulouque and the establishment of a republican form of government. There has not been much fighting yet. Geffrard is near Gonaives with from 10,000 to 18,000 men, while the Emperor is not far off with 5,000. There were reports that Soulouque was preparing for flight in case he should find himself unable to put down the rebellion.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 766, opens with a very attractive review, from *Blackwood*, of "A Pleasant French Book"—a collection of essays, reviews and biographies, by M. Biot, one of the most eminent of European physicists. It contains stories from *Tait's Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal* and *Household Words*, and several fine poems. Stanford & Delisser.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

Boston, Thursday, Jan. 27, 1859.

THE Society met at Mercantile Hall, Ir. Summer street, at half past 10 o'clock, a. m., and was called to order by the President, FRANCIS JACKSON, of Boston.

Opportunity was given for vocal or silent prayer.

On motion of SAMUEL MAY, JR., it was voted that two Secretaries *pro tem.* be appointed; whereupon, Charles K. Whipple of Boston, and Eliza J. Kenney of Salem, were chosen.

The Treasurer, SAMUEL PHILBRICK, Esq., of Brookline, presented his Report, which, on motion of Mrs. Chapman, was accepted.

The total receipts of the past year were $8,255 17. Expenditures, $7,649 84. The receipts from the Bazaar were $3,028 64. Balance on hand, $605 33.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr. General Agent of the Society, moved the appointment of the following Committees, which were voted:

Business Committee—William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Adin Ballou, Charles C. Burleigh, Maria Weston Chapman, Abby Kelley Foster, Eliza Lee Follen, Charles Lenox Remond, Parker Pillsbury, Henry C. Wright, Ezra H. Heywood.

Committee on Nomination of Officers for the ensuing year—Edmund Quincy, Dedham; Daniel Ricketson, New Bedford; William Ashby, Newburyport; Louis McLauthlin, Pembroke; Anne W. Weston, Weymouth; Richard Kingman, Cummington; Joshua T. Everett, Princeton; George Draper, Hopedale; Warren Low, Essex; Amos Farnsworth, Roxbury; Ezekiel Thacher, Barnstable.

Finance Committee—Ebenezer D. Draper, Hopedale; Daniel S. Whitney, Southboro'; Abby Kelley Foster, Worcester; Sallie Holley, New York; Joseph Merrill, Danversport.

The Report of the action of the Board of Managers during the year, in carrying out the purposes of the Society, was read by the General Agent, Samuel May, Jr.

The General Agent having intimated that the audience would be gratified to hear some statements respecting Mr. Burleigh's labors and success in Western Massachusetts—

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH said that the Western part of the State was less advanced in anti-slavery than the Eastern part. The Republicans of that region are of the better sort of Republicans, yet, though that party is dominant in that part of the State, our cause moves slowly and with difficulty there. Still, it is not so much because the people are deficient in the principles out of which anti-slavery can be made as because little anti-slavery labor has been bestowed upon that part of the State, many of the towns having never heard a thorough-going anti-slavery lecture.

The Republicans are disposed to unite with any other party, and to use any amount of compromise to gain a temporary success for their party. Such labor as has been bestowed in that region has brought forth good fruit. The little town of Commington, for instance, has given a very respectable list of signers to the Anti-Slavery Petition; and it is esteemed remarkable, as it is certainly noteworthy, that the Orthodox clergyman of that town has signed the petition. There is also arising a party among the Republicans who seem disposed to resist slavery itself as well as its extension. Some are large-hearted and liberal contributors to our cause, but most are indifferent enough to make that region a field unpromising for present success; yet, they are a people among whom any gain is likely to be permanent.

The influences hostile to anti-slavery are more prominent and more effective there than here.

There is much sham Democracy, undisguised pro-slavery, and much also of a spurious Republicanism, unworthy of its name, in Western Massachusetts.

MR. GARRISON, on the part of the Business Committee, presented the following Resolutions.

Resolved, That (in the language of William Ellery Channing) "our duties at the North are plain; first, we must free ourselves from all constitutional or legal obligations to uphold slavery; in the next place, we must give free and strong expression to our reprobation of slavery; and should a slave-hunter ever profane our soil by seeking here a flying bondman, let him be regarded as a legalized robber."

Resolved, That (again to quote the words of Channing) "we in the free States cannot fly from the shame or the guilt of the institution of slavery as long as we give it any support. Most unhappily, there are provisions of the Constitution binding us to give it support. No blessings of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures. Vast sacrifices should be made to it, but not the sacrifice of duty. Better that we should part than be the police of the slaveholder, than fight his battles, than wage war to uphold an oppressive institution. We are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke. On this subject our fathers, in framing the Constitution, swerved from the right. We, their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution."

Resolved, That, whether the people of Massachusetts can do anything to abolish slavery in the South or not, they can forbid, and are imperatively bound by the highest moral considerations to forbid, the hunting of fugitive slaves in this Commonwealth, and to decree the immediate emancipation of all such as soon as they touch our soil; they can and ought to cease from all slaveholding relations with the South; and therefore they can and ought, in common with the people of every other free State, to withdraw from a government which, both by practice and intention, is a grand conspiracy against justice, and a powerful bulwark of the slave system.

WENDELL PHILLIPS said—

These resolutions cover the ground occupied by the petition now circulating in this State. They are drawn up by one whose language, uniformly deliberate, calm and cautious, is well calculated to show the community of the present day the full justice, the entire righteousness of our position.

In adopting this language, therefore, the thoughts and the words of Dr. Channing, we take the surest way to disarm that prejudice which takes alarm at the name of abolition, without looking into its merits.

The Republican party has reached that point in its development when it is likely to break asunder from its bulk and weight. It must before long spontaneously separate into two materially differing parties. One of these will represent *The Tribune* doctrine of availability. The other will represent the party, now surely growing among the Republicans, which sees more clearly the necessity of opposing the existence as well as the extension of slavery.

It seems to me, therefore, that we should use every effort to enlarge the number of these men, and help them to a clear sight of the only method of successful opposition to slavery.

One of these Republican ideas is represented by Gov. Banks, who thinks Anti-Slavery only a stepping-stone to the Presidency.

Vermont has set herself right in the theory of anti-slavery; but the trouble is, that no fugitive slave is ever hunted in Vermont. It is much, however, to have the right position in this matter unequivocally taken by a legislative body; and the fact that another State has actually taken it will help ours to move with a less tardy step towards her duty.

We have a Legislature which *ought* to push this petition into a law. If Gov. Banks chose to favor it, it would pass promptly through both branches. It remains to be seen how far his influence and example will limit this movement.

Many privately take the view of our friend Lysander Spooner. If Gov. Banks would take this ground in his official action, our State might take the right position in favor of liberty without the incumbrance of a new law. Or, if we had a Chief Justice who was willing to rule that the Fugitive Slave law was unconstitutional because it does not allow a jury trial we might settle these cases satisfactorily yet. What we want is agitation. It makes little difference whether it comes through the Legislature, or the Judiciary, or through the action of an anti-slavery meeting like this.

If we cannot have a Bench right on this subject appointed by the Governor, let us have one chosen by the people. We can trust the instincts of the people. Responsibility in the discussion and decision of great questions of practical life is God's normal school for the education of the people. God be thanked, through the atonement of four millions of slaves, pouring out their blood for the people, we shall ultimately get deliverance from this sin and shame.

I think, therefore, that the great, imperative, inevitable work which we have to do for the next two months is the pushing of this special question. If we can give Henry Wilson such a law as this to act upon, and to have the insults and fury of the South poured out upon, it may spur him to the vigor of action needful for his own honor and that of his State.

We have also, thank God, Charles Francis Adams in the House of Representatives, and will show Rufus Choate that John Quincy Adams was not the last of his race.

The only empty chair which I wish not to see filled is that which belongs to Massachusetts in the Senate at Washington. Let her keep it vacant until its rightful occupant is able again to sit there.

What we now need is a decision that the soil of Massachusetts shall spontaneously and necessarily set free whatever fugitive from oppression shall set foot upon it.

HENRY C. WRIGHT—Anti-Slavery is the only educational institution in this nation having power to infuse the spirit and principles of Jesus of Nazareth into the hearts of this people; into their schools, their churches, their political parties, their legislative halls. None of these now do anything at all to infuse the spirit of the Good Samaritan, which Jesus presented to the people as the type and essence of his doctrine.

Whom did Jesus choose to stand as the representative of his spirit and system? He chose a man who was regarded by the Jews as heterodox and unholy, an infidel and an atheist, and he says to all—"Go, and do likewise."

Our political organizations give us their ideas, not from the stand-point of principle, but of expediency.

Mr. Wright said the speech which he wished to make was embodied in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we can reverence no being as God that shows no regard for man; therefore, since what is received and worshipped as God by the ministers and Churches of Massachusetts authorizes, by silence or otherwise, man to arrest and try man, on the issue, Is he a *free* man or a *slave*, a *man* or a *chattel*, we reject the worship of such a God as blasphemous and degrading, and say to him, "Get behind me, for thou art an offence unto me."

Resolved, That Anti-Slavery is the only educational instrumentality that has power to infuse into the religion and politics, the Church and government of the country, the spirit and principles of Jesus of Nazareth, and of justice and humanity; and that it is a libel on the Christ of Calvary to identify him, in his spirit and life, with the Christ of Christendom.

Resolved, That as Jesus chose the humane infidel of his day (the Good Samaritan) to represent his spirit and life, so those whom the Church and clergy of the present day denounce as infidels, are his true representatives now, inasmuch as they devote themselves, like the infidel Samaritan, to the redemption and welfare of those who have fallen among thieves and robbers.

Resolved, That if the government of Massachusetts cannot and will not protect its citizens from kidnappers, no matter from whence they come, nor by whatever authority they may be clothed, that government has ceased to answer the great end for which it was created; and it is the right and duty of the people to alter or abolish it.

Resolved, That man can perpetrate no greater or more atrocious crime against man than to arrest him or to allow him to be arrested, and put on trial, before any tribunal, to decide whether he is a man or a beast.

These resolutions embodied the substance of what he wished to say. He would leave them to speak for themselves.

MR. GARRISON said—They were there for a living purpose, not to laud the dead [alluding to the recent celebration of the birthday of Webster and Burns in this city] around the convivial board, which was a cheap and easy virtue. They were there, too, where they had no fetter upon honest and manly speech, through fear of dividing the Church or injuring party prospects.

He referred to the marked change which had taken place in the public feeling and sentiment of the North, within the last twenty years, on the subject of slavery. Once, mobocratic violence against anti-slavery gatherings everywhere prevailed, and opponents readily came forward to protect the slaveholder, and contest our doctrines as unsound and dangerous. Now the slaveholder is left without even an apologist, and no hostile disputant is visible on our platform. The Church, the Government, the Constitution, the Union had no defender at a gathering like this, which is so united in sympathy and purpose as to present nothing tangible for vigorous resistance. This revolution in the public mind had not been effected in consequence of any dilution of doctrine or compromise of principle on the part of the Abolitionists; for never had they faltered, or lowered their standard—never were they so exacting in their demands, or so bold in speech, as now. In the same spirit of fidelity, they must go forward to the completion of the great work so auspiciously begun, thanking God, and taking courage.

THURSDAY, P. M.

H. C. WRIGHT read again his resolution on the power of Anti-Slavery in the right education of the people, and made some comments upon it. The United States government, he said, has become a foreign power to the government of Massachusetts, obstructing and resisting the execution of her own laws on her own soil. The Federal government is the real kidnapper, which, in our own territory, pursues the Southern fugitive, nullifying the provisions of our own State Constitution and laws in his favor. How long will Massachusetts permit the fundamental law of her own government to be trampled under foot!

PARKER PILLSBURY wished the key-note of the genuine business of the meeting to be clearly sounded and distinctly understood. He offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the subtle and fiendish spirit of hostility to the Anti-Slavery cause, that was at first exhibited through colonization schemes, clerical appeals, and a liberty party (falsely so called), is now acting with far more power and hope of success in the Republican party, and calls for more vigor and watchfulness on the part of the genuine friends of the slave than did any of its earlier manifestations.

Resolved, That under our doctrine of "Dissolution of the Federal Union," as the only hope for the slave, the Republican party, in protecting slavery where it is, and in all its pledges, promises and oaths to support and prolong the Union, is quite as reprehensible as the Democratic party in seeking to extend it; and acting, as it does professedly, as a party opposed to slavery, it becomes far more dangerous to the cause of freedom than its opponents with a more open policy and course of action.

Mr. Pillsbury said—The Anti-Slavery cause has still as powerful and as bitter opponents as in the earlier stages of the cause, though under another name. I have no more confidence in the integrity of Henry Wilson than in that of Daniel Webster. I do not think his speeches read more favorably for the cause of freedom, as it exists in our time, than those of Daniel Webster did in his; and, therefore, I hope that the principles, and position, and policy of the Republican party will come before this meeting for full and thorough consideration.

ABBY K. FOSTER rose to second the resolutions of Parker Pillsbury.

The Republican party are so near us that we find it difficult to apply to them the needed rebuke and opposition for their unfaithfulness to the principles we hold in common. Nevertheless, such rebuke ought to be given. I call upon every member of the Republican party to cease from his present coöperation with the slave-hunter and the kidnapper. The Republican party voted the money that re-enslaved Anthony Burns, and every voter in it is responsible for the guilt of that act.

Self-gratulation is yet premature with us. Nothing has been done while anything remains to be done. The present is the most dangerous crisis to which Anti-Slavery has ever been subjected. We were more secure when our foes were open and undisguised. At present, the Republican party is stealthily sucking the very blood from our veins.

Our work is to be done over again. We must convert those who think they are already converted. Henry Wilson boasted that the Republicans fought the Democrats on every new issue. We must add to that, that they unite with the Democrats on all the more vital and essential *old* issues. How is Senator Seward in practical conflict with the Slave Power? Of what worth are his abstractions? Is he not defending popular sovereignty? Is he not assuming that the people may decide whether they may have slavery or not? Is he not abandoning the essential ground that we have the right to *prevent* slaveholding? I call upon you to give us the funds to teach this doctrine throughout the land; to give more liberally than ever before.

MR. HIGGINSON, of Worcester, said—

I thank the friends who have gone before me for giving the key-note of our afternoon's discussion in a manner worthy of them, and of the cause.

No assembly in the nation, more than this, needs to be reminded that its time for action is NOW, and that its mightiest energies need now to be put forth. The time of open danger is not the most perilous time. The quiet of the present period forbodes great and imminent danger. Here we are, meeting in peace, not persecuted, only neglected. This indifference is worse than the howling of angry multitudes. Any one can mount guard well in time of open opposition; the period of quiet requires yet more resolution, more vigilance. The unanimity of the Republican party is the surest token of its doom. When could a party ever stand faithful to great principles when it was unopposed?

The Slave Power stands behind all parties, and all measures. We have cleared away many new issues, settled many new questions: but slavery still stands there, silent, but mighty. We have not yet grappled with that. When will the actual struggle come?

The time is coming when our premature congratulations will be checked by disgraceful defeat. We stand in a position, the momentous importance of which the most experienced among us do not understand.

Anti-Slavery is not a question, it is a fact. It is a natural antagonism between two sorts of civilization. We began by defending our own freedom. We must advance to the ground of defending freedom for all. Once the word insurrection affected Abolitionists with a shudder. Now it might be uttered without a shock in the Massachusetts Legislature. Liberty has been educating us to liberty. The sense of liberty which begins by defending the black man under our roof, ends by showing the need that we should defend him under his own.

This principle of liberty is now working, both in us at the North, and in a far greater number than we suppose of slaves at the South. Large masses of this latter population are affected by it; and the wish is spreading among them, not as formerly to go to freedom, but to have freedom come to them. And who knows how speedily a morning may arise to show us that it has come?

The present time is one for anxious preparations, and for grappling with the sternest principles of freedom. From my soul I believe that this fire, which has been so long and so fiercely blazing among our inhabitants, can not be quenched by rosewater, nor removed with smiling unanimity.

MRS. FOSTER introduced the subject of finance, with an appeal of intense interest and pathos.

MR. GARRISON thought the tone of the remarks this afternoon unduly desponding and lugubrious. Was it dangerous to our cause to admit that we had made progress? Was the recognition of this fact an assumption that nothing more was to be done? It is well for us occasionally to review our course, and to rejoice in what we have gained. We have no occasion to speak in desponding tones. I think the signs of the times cheering and hopeful.

As to the Republican party, every political party will be proportionate to the character of the people. This one is a time-serving, a temporizing, a cowardly party; yet it is plainly distinguishable in some respects from the Democratic party. The Republican is a pie-bald, a heterogeneous party, very diverse in the constituents which compose it. It has never professed, as the old "Liberty party" did, to be an anti-slavery party. It claims only to oppose the extension of slavery, and it does oppose it. It has really tried to do the work which it has claimed to undertake.

HENRY C. WRIGHT inquired—Does the Republican party claim to prevent the extension of slavery in a Territory, where a majority of the whites desire its existence?

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH replied, that, *as a party*, they opposed the extension of slavery without qualification, though many individuals of them seemed to be drifting towards the "popular sovereignty" doctrine.

Adjourned to 7 1-2 o'clock, p. m.

THURSDAY EVENING.—EDMUND QUINCY in the chair.

MR. GARRISON read the resolutions previously offered, with some additional ones, and corrected an erroneous statement attributed to him by the reporter for *The Journal*.

[The meeting was addressed by E. H. HEYWOOD and WENDELL PHILLIPS, of whose remarks we have no complete report.—*Ed. Standard.*]

FRIDAY MORNING.—Mr. JACKSON in the chair.

Mr. WHITNEY, of Southboro', read some original verses, bearing upon the relation of the Church to the work of opposition to slavery.

On motion of SAMUEL MAY, JR., it was voted, that the hour of 11 1-2 o'clock be assigned as the hour for taking donations and pledges, to carry out the objects of the Society the ensuing year. The hour having arrived, the Financial Committee proceeded to execute the foregoing vote, while the discussion of resolutions before the meeting was continued by C. C. BURLEIGH, H. C. WRIGHT, and WM. C. MARTYN, of Worcester.

HENRY C. WRIGHT wished to state to the Republicans of Massachusetts the precise point where they stand in relation to slavery.

1. You acknowledge the existence of slavery in the slave States.

2. You acknowlege the constitutional right of slavery to be represented on the floor of Congress.

3. You acknowledge that the slaveholding members of Congress have a right by the Constitution to be treated as good citizens, and as honest and honorable men.

4. The Republican party, in regard to the protection of slavery where it now exists, stands just where the Democratic party does, proclaiming its readiness to suppress a slave insurrection as well as to catch the fugitive.

This is the rock on which you are wrecked—the concession that the majority should rule even where it was wrong, and your adoption of this vicious concession made by your fathers, through which you allow your political ties to overrule and supersede your conscience. By committing this sin, and persevering in it, you inevitably destroy your moral capacity to distinguish between right and wrong.

The position to which I am driven, for my own soul's salvation, is to disclaim and reject every assumed obligation which undertakes to bind me to this unspeakable folly and wickedness.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH mentioned the case of a woman present who wished to ask aid for the redemption of a son from slavery.

Mr. MARTYN, of Worcester, said—

In circumstances of great danger and severe trial, human nature generally displays traits and resources equal to the emergency. When the hour comes, the man appears.

Our present civilization, it has been well said, is only a collection of the trophies which have been wrung from reluctant authority.

There are excellent reasons why we should persistently maintain whatever agitation is needful for the utter extinction of slavery.

1. Because the agreement to support slavery is an inherent wrong, although the monstrous proportions of this wrong seem to have prevented men from recognizing its atrocity.

2. Slavery places us before the world in a false light. While it lasts, we, the model republic of the world, can neither manfully help the oppressed from other lands, nor help the oppressed among ourselves, nor maintain our own right to lead a manly, humane and honest life.

3. The anti-slavery enterprise is the most truly religious enterprise in the country. Jesus was the greatest agitator and radical the world has ever seen, yet those who now assume to speak in his name shun both radical right and agitation for the accomplishment of it, as the most dangerous of diseases. Their pro-slavery gospel is mere whipped syllabub, while the persons to whom they preach are in perishing need of vital air, and wholesome food.

I have often been asked, What is the use of talking so much about slavery? I reply:

Public sentiment can be changed.

The present spurious laws, in conflict with the higher law of God, can also be changed by thorough agitation.

EDMUND QUINCY, from the Committee on officers of the Society, reported the following list for the ensuing year.

President—FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston.

Vice-Presidents—Andrew Robeson, New Bedford; Edmund Quincy, Dedham; Adin Ballou, Milford; Effingham L. Capron, Worcester; Jefferson Church, Springfield; Josiah Henshaw, West Brookfield; Henry I. Bowditch, Boston; George Flint, Rutland; John T. Hilton, Brighton; James Russell Lowell, Cambridge; Bourne Spooner, Plymouth; William Ashby, Newburyport; David P. Harmon Haverhill; Thomas T. Stone, Bolton; William Whiting, Concord; Ezekiel Thacher, Barnstable; Charles Lenox Remond, Salem; John Clement, Townsend; Atkinson Stanwood, Newburyport; Joshua T. Everett, Princeton; Benjamin Snow, Jr., Fitchburg; George Miles, Westminster; Timothy Davis, Framingham.

Corresponding Secretary—SAMUEL MAY, Jr., Leicester.

Recording Secretary—ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Boston.

Treasurer—SAMUEL PHILBRICK, Brookline.

Auditor—EDMUND JACKSON, Boston.

Counsellors—William Lloyd Garrison; Edmund Quincy; Wendell Phillips; Maria W. Chapman; Charles K. Whipple; Anne W. Weston; William I. Bowditch; Charles F. Hovey; Eliza Lee Follen; John T. Sargent; Charles E. Hodges; Charles Follen.

Adjourned till 2 1-2 o'clock, p. m.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.—FRANCIS JACKSON in the chair.

[Mr. HOLDEN, of Lynn, made an address, of which we have no report.—*Ed. Standard.*]

Dr. HEBBARD said—I love this meeting and this cause. My whole heart, my whole sympathies are with the anti-slavery people. Most of the measures they propose are very dear to me, and slavery is utterly detestable to me. Yet I wish to echo the idea suggested by the last speaker.

I spoke a hundred times in the Fremont campaign, and I am not ashamed that I did so, since I spoke more for freedom than Fremont. What the people want is eloquence directed to the support of freedom; and if Mr. Garrison and Mr. Burleigh and Mr. Phillips and Mr. Pillsbury would go into the campaign for 1860 and speak for freedom, they would receive a hearty welcome and produce an immense effect.

What I ask is this. Why should the Republican party be unceremoniously set aside? I speak of the laity of the party—the rank and file. Many of them are liberty-loving, worthy, Christian men.

(Some one asked whether a pirate could be a Christian. Dr. Hebbard replied that he believed many slaveholders at the South to be unwilling slaveholders.)

I have not lost all my faith in the Bible, though many things in it deserve no better than to be trodden under foot of men. But I hold to the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, and I believe the criminal is more to be pitied than his victim, the slaveholder than the slave.

MR. GARRISON offered three additional resolutions on the part of the Business Committee.

Resolved, That (in the language of Rev. Dr. Cheever) "a fearful paralysing power, a spell of stupefaction, an insensibility unto death, is on the nation, and the Church and the ministry that ought to act as the nation's conscience are drugged and possessed with the devil of silence; so that the people are not arrested, not alarmed, not made sensible of what Satan's work is being accomplished upon them; this is a terrible betrayal of principle, and fearful treason against God and his word."

Resolved, That (again to quote Dr. Cheever) "the whole history of the corruptions of Christianity can show nothing worse than the sanction and defence of the iniquity of slavery by the Church and the ministry. The refusal of the Church and the ministry to turn the condemning light of God's Word upon it, the fear and trembling on the part of good men to speak out against it, and to call it sin, the compromise with it, and the very generally implied and sometimes express sanction of it, by men of age, experience and professed piety, cannot do otherwise than call in question the religion of such men, and the genuineness of such religion. No iniquity that blots the name, the memory, the Christianity of any Father of the Church, in its corruptest patristic period is to be compared with the iniquity of shielding, sanctioning and sustaining this sin." Therefore,

Resolved, That "it is a revived and true Christianity that, through the Word and the Spirit, must cut up and abolish this horrible traffic at the roots, abhorring, denouncing and casting out slavery itself, as forbidden and accursed of the Almighty."

Mr. HINTON, of Kansas, made an animated speech on the movements of the haters of slavery there.

MR. GARRISON said—This is a free platform. There must be differences of opinion upon such a subject as ours, and each must express his own thoughts and be individually responsible for them. For myself, I have no sympathy with such a speech as we have just heard, as far as it is proposed to shed blood and to use weapons of death. Where there is no life, there are no rights. We must reverence the right to life if we would consistently maintain other rights. The men of war often enslave those whom they have conquered; the men of peace neither kill nor enslave.

When we get the people with us, we shall not need to use arms. Our work is to put right principles into their hearts and minds, and then our work will be done.

The people of Kansas are not the friends of liberty without distinction of color. As a class, they did not go there to battle for freedom. They went to make money. I do not think them worthy of imitation, and I do not see that Kansas has given us any lessons of wisdom in regard to the management of the warfare against slavery.

I am for going on as we have hitherto done. My voice is still for peace.

Who is going to fight? and who is going to be fought? Where are we to begin and where to stop? If we fight with actual slaveholders in the South, must we not also fight with pro-slavery priests, politicians, editors, merchants, in the North? Where are we to begin?

I certainly should not begin with border ruffians. They are a poor, ignorant, subordinate, deluded class, blindly following the lead of those who, if more intelligent, are also more depraved than themselves.

Far rather would I begin with the President and Cabinet of the United States, who, for utterly selfish purposes, are stimulating and directing the brutality of these tools. Far rather would I begin with the false priesthood whose teachings prepare the people to be thus misdirected. The slaves are held by the religious sentiment of the country. They are held by the clergy, the Churches and the sects. By the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; by the American Home Missionary Society; by the American Tract Society; by the American Sunday-School Union.

The livery of the court of heaven is stolen by these men to serve the devil in. And it is through their instrumentality that slavery is entrenched so strongly in these United States.

WENDELL PHILLIPS said—From war we readily come to the sinews of war, which is money. I rise to announce that the Finance Committee will again pass round the hall to receive your contributions for the means to carry on the campaign of which you have heard.

The Business Committee direct me to read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the past year's history, clearly showing the world the truth we have proclaimed from the beginning—that the peace and safety of every European nation depend on the abolition of American slavery—this Society feels therefore bound, by its devotedness to the world's welfare, renewedly and unceasingly to invoke the aid of all men everywhere for the destruction of a common nuisance.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, for the twenty-seventh time in annual meeting assembled, are ever due to our honored and beloved British friends, for the moral support and the material aid they have so generously, from the very beginning, hastened to render to the Common Cause; and that the more direct and increasing co-operation of the present year now demands a renewed and fervent expression of our gratitude, for that Cause's sake, although we well know that in this Godlike purpose they have not in view the thanks or gratitude of man.

Resolved, That this Society observes with profound satisfaction the clear and resolute discrimination with which the free and independent press of England, as contradistinguished from *The Times* newspaper, has, during the past year, handled the subject of American slavery; and we thank those friends throughout the British empire whose organ it is, for the magnificent service they have rendered to humanity.

Resolved, That we thank the anti-slavery mind of our mother country, as manifested recently in Yorkshire, at a local meeting, representing a general feeling, of the LEEDS YOUNG MEN'S ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY, and conveyed to us in the speech of Sir Peter Fairbairn, Mayor of Leeds, as chairman of that meeting; in which he offers his testimony to the importance of the Anti-Slavery Work, and to the value of Freedom, expressing his happiness to assist others in securing it, whether for black or white.

We thank that public mind for its apprehension of freedom in the resolution offered by the Earl of Carlisle: "That freedom, being the gift of God, it is the inalienable right of every man; that to deprive a man of this right is contrary to all laws, human or Divine; and that therefore we regard slavery as an unmitigated evil, demanding the condemnation of every human being who respects the laws of God, or recognizes the principles of natural justice or the equal rights of man"; at the same time assuring that long-devoted friend of the Cause that the unworthy course of some of the members of the Republican party in Congress is no index to the feelings of their anti-slavery districts battling for this Cause; among whom every such rebuke of ingratitude and injustice as he utters is hailed across the world of waters by all the militant as most effectual to make this sacred Cause triumphant.

We thank those men of Yorkshire, ever true in heart and brain to the words of Freedom, in whose behalf was made this true recognition of the world's universal brotherhood—this grand resolve to promote it—by Mr. Edward Baines of Leeds; who, in behalf of the meeting, said: "That recognizing the universal brotherhood of man, and that 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell in the earth,' we are called upon (so far as in our power lies) to remove any evil which interferes with the interests of our fellow-men; and that, considering slavery a great social evil, we are justified in using every moral and legitimate means for its overthrow, wherever it exists.

We thank those British allies in the moral struggle for Liberty in the North American States, for their impressive statement to the world of a fact it ought to know, in the resolution supported by Mr. W. E. Foster: "That so long as the free States of America continue to aid the slave States to keep in bondage from three to four millions of their fellow-citizens, we must consider the American Union to be the stronghold of Negro Slavery; and that we therefore deeply deplore that a nation of our own race, and language, and religion, and bound to us by so many ties of common interest and sympathy, should be thus the chief upholder of this destructive and sinful system."

We thank our British friends of Religion, who, feeling that slavery being the worst of all sin, the defence of it must be the worst of all heresy, have warned Christendom in the following uncompromising strain—resolving "That the system of slavery, as it now exists in America, is grievously opposed to the whole spirit of the Gospel of Christ, and is an oppressive iniquity which no Christian ought to palliate or connive at; and that this meeting deeply deplores the fact that so many of the American Churches should be the abettors and defenders, and even perpetrators of this sin of slavery; and we entreat the Rev. E W. Condor, the Rev. P. Chown, and Mr. Alderman Harrison, by whom the resolve was sustained, to feel assured that these are the accents that stir the chain of sympathy which communicates unfailingly between the town halls of Britain and the depths of the slaves' sufferings and the Abolitionists' hearts.

And, finally, while praying the Leeds Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, as represented to us by the honored name of Armistad, with all the excellent and venerated friends who speak to us from its platform, to receive a new expression of gratitude from this eldest branch of the American Anti-Slavery Society's affiliation, for their "sympathy with the Abolitionists, their pity for the slave, and their allegiance to undying Freedom"—and while thanking them for the exercise of the same political discrimination in dealing their blows against slavery which the American Anti-Slavery Society practises and ever means to practise, as by its Constitution bound, we fee most of all cheered by their assurance that they, like ourselves claim and will ever exercise the right of moral, incorporeal interference with slavery WHEREVER IT EXISTS.

Resolved, That (in the language of John Quincy Adams) "the Constitution of the United States sanctions a dishonorable compromise with slavery

apology for Mr. Beecher's course in keeping himself aloof from the Society, on the ground of an alleged difference of opinion on the question of disunion. The principle of association which Mr. B. has so "nobly vindicated," and which he does not hesitate to apply to bodies less unpopular than ours, admits of no such exemption. If the members of the Anti-Slavery Society are blindly groping their way in a false and deceitful path, or if they are untrue to their highest moral convictions, this, on his own showing, is an additional reason why he should be found among them, so long as this platform is free to the utterance of his own ideas, and the unobstructed use of all his powers to reconcile them to his own more excellent way. "If they were bad," he says of the Fraternity gentlemen, "they needed me more." "The whole need not the physician, but they who are sick." If Mr. Beecher has himself received important light on this great question, how can he have the heart to withhold it from those who earnestly seek it at his hands? Such a course finds no countenance in the example of Him whom Mr. B. professes to regard and worship as his "manifest God."

Had THE STANDARD, instead of eulogizing an argument which was evidently designed merely to serve an interested purpose, and not to establish a great beneficent principle, availed itself of the occasion to point out the criminal inconsistency of its talented and eloquent author, and to hold him to an impartial application of his theory, or a frank and manly disavowal of it, it would, I think, have done a better work for humanity, and would have been more certain, in the end, to secure the respect and love of the recipient of its censure. Sensible people are not to be flattered into the adoption of an unpopular enterprise. They can be moved by faithful, pointed appeals to their conscience and moral sense, but never by concessions to which they are not justly entitled. We gain nothing, but often lose much, by such concessions. The highest ground which justice sanctions is the most commanding. Already are we far too near the dead level of the surrounding community to bring our artillery to bear upon it with marked effect; and yet I fear the narrow distance which divides us is daily diminishing.

I am forced to believe that THE STANDARD'S organ of gratitude must have been in a state of unusual activity, when it could find in Mr. Beecher's defence of himself against the bigotry of *The Examiner* an occasion of "thankfulness for his eloquent vindication of the catholicity of our platform." He a defender of the catholicity of our platform? a man who has never stood upon it for a single hour, and whose whole life has been a standing testimony against it, to say nothing of the "aid and comfort" which he has given to those who abandoned it, and divided the Society, for the very reason of its catholicity! As well be thankful to slave-breeders for their eloquent vindication of the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence! What good does THE STANDARD suppose can possibly come to our cause from any merely theoretical vindication of our platform by one, however gifted or popular, the language of whose daily life gives the lie to the eloquence of his lips? Words are cheap, when confronted by deeds. Very few people will think it worth while to consider the claims of an argument which they know the author treats as of no practical importance. What the anti-slavery cause demands of Mr. Beecher is an honest and faithful application of his own avowed principles to this crying evil. The first essential service which it is possible for him to render the slave is to plant himself square upon the platform of the Anti-Slavery Society, not to echo the sentiments of Mr. Garrison, or of its majority, nor to contribute to its funds, if he thinks them injudiciously expended; but to perfect its counsels by whatever peculiar wisdom he may be gifted to impart, and to warm its great heart with the fire of his own eloquence. In such a course, he would be true to himself, and a worthy champion of the noblest cause within the scope of human effort; nor would it be unwise in us to deepen, by all honorable means, the channels of a reputation which is already immense. But so long as his voice is the voice of a friend, but his hands are the hands of an enemy—so long as, with a bow and a smile for us, he chooses to stand before the world in disgraceful fellowship and co-operation with the shameless advocates of slavery, thus endorsing them as the ministers of Jesus, and to sustain a government which is emphatically the Slave Power of the country, our *curse*, and not our blessing, should be upon his influence. That influence is a *blasting mildew* upon the rising hopes of millions of unfortunate and helpless countrymen, and our love for them demands this fidelity at our hands.

Pardon the length to which I have unexpectedly extended this communication. If I have spoken strongly, it is because I have felt deeply. I am deeply pained and mortified at our snail-paced progress in a cause which demands the speed of the steam car. Must we pass off the stage, and leave another generation of our unhappy countrymen to live and die in slavery? So it looks now. We have lost our aggressive character, and have ceased to multiply converts. Having no victories of our own to celebrate, we seem content to circulate the documents, and chronicle the progress, of a party whose highest merit is that it wanted to give up but half the Union to the dominion of slavery. Already, like the Quakers, we are living on the industry and wisdom of an earlier time; and without a change of policy, we, with them, shall soon be known only in the history of the past. May not the cause of this sad decline be found in our incessant billing and cooing with that large and increasing class of which Mr. Beecher is a type, men of large sympathies, but of weak and defective consciences—awakened, but still *impenitent*, allies and abettors of the Slave Power. I think I see in them the Delilah who has shorn us of our locks, and in whose dulcet embrace we have lost our moral power; and it is specially to guard against this insidious influence, and this tendency, on our part, to quiet and to compromise, that I have felt moved to raise a note of friendly warning.

S. S. FOSTER.

Worcester, Jan. 28, 1859.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

If long-continued and faithful service of the cause can earn for anybody the right to criticise his fellow-laborers, that right must belong, preëminently, to Mr. Foster. We instinctively meet such a man, coming in a spirit so earnest and true, with a breast open to his keenest shafts and a conscience almost predisposed to self-condemnation. If, in this instance, he has failed to convince us that we are wrong, we are sure that his failure is not the result of stubbornness or want of candor on our part. The animus of his criticism is so unexceptionable, and there is so much truth in what he says, that we are reluctant to press the points of difference between us; and the space at our command is so small that we fear we shall not be able to do justice to the argument.

The flaw in Mr. Foster's logic, if any exist, is usually found in his premises; and here is where we find it now. He assumes that Mr. Beecher has laid down the principle that it is the absolute *duty* of every man to join every benevolent association whose *object* he approves, provided the conditions of membership are such as to invite co-operation irrespective of religious opinions and creeds. His whole argument turns upon this assumption. Is it true? We think not. Mr. Beecher's doctrine amounts only to this: That the proper basis for benevolent co-operation is humanitary, not sectarian; that an orthodox man, in cooperating for charitable purposes with men whose religious opinions he deems heretical, does not thereby become responsible for those opinions; that, for himself, he does not think that the religious heresies of men afford any good reason for refusing to cooperate with them for humanitary objects; and that, in his own words, "a good man ought always to seek occasions of working with men, rather than of working away from them." He does not so much assert a *duty* as vindicate a *right*. Though never a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society, he did "nobly vindicate" the *principle* of cooperation which lies at its basis—vindicate it not only *theoretically* in *The Independent*, but *practically* in appearing upon the lecturing platform with Mr. Parker; and we see no ground whatever for attributing an act good in itself to bad motives.

The question of Mr. Beecher's consistency in refusing to join the American Anti-Slavery Society, or to come upon its platform, turns upon the *reasons* for that refusal. If Mr. Foster can show that he stands aloof from us *on account of the heretical opinions of those whom he sees cooperating with us*, the charge of inconsistency will be made out, otherwise not.

We certainly regard the American Anti-Slavery Society as a most efficient agency for the abolition of slavery. Its principles commend themselves to our judgment as sound, its measures as eminently wise; and we are most anxious to bring upon its platform every sincere and earnest champion of freedom. It is our deep conviction that Mr. Beecher, by coming upon this platform, would vastly augment his moral influence as an Abolitionist. We would therefore urge him, by every argument that can be legitimately presented to an independent mind, to unite with us. But we are not prepared to say, with Mr. Foster, that there can be no reasons for not joining the American Anti-Slavery Society that can have weight with an honest anti-slavery man, willing to act with those whose religious opinions he repudiates. We cannot, in conscience, point to the Society as the one infallible Anti-Slavery Church, and say to those around us, "Come upon its platform, or take upon your foreheads the brand of pro-slavery." As it is quite possible for a man to be a sound Christian without joining a Church, so it is possible to be a sincere and earnest Abolitionist without joining an Anti-Slavery Society.

We do not, however, regard Mr. Beecher as a sound and consistent Abolitionist, as these columns will bear witness. Again and again have we exposed his shortcomings, political and ecclesiastical, remonstrating with him for standing in religious fellowship with the advocates and apologists of slavery. We now earnestly and solemnly commend to his conscience Mr. Foster's faithful rebuke of him for his course in this particular—a course which we believe to be wrong in itself and exceedingly pernicious in its influence. We would also affectionately entreat him to weigh with candor the arguments in favor of union with the American Anti-Slavery Society—the Society which, without wavering, and in the face of gigantic obstacles and sore temptations, has upborne the banner of freedom for more than a quarter of a century in the face of a corrupt State and an apostate Church. We ask him, moreover, to consider whether he ought not to commend that Society, as the representative and servant of the slave, to the pecuniary support of his congregation, instead of contenting himself with asking them, now and then, to aid in purchasing the freedom of a slave, or in supporting schools for free colored children. The Bible cause, the Tract cause, the Missionary cause, the Education cause, are all enrolled for regular annual contributions in Mr. Beecher's Church; but the Anti-Slavery cause, as such, is never commended to their liberality. Is this right?

We might say more, but space fails, and perhaps this is enough.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXLII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent bewaileth his little faith—He maketh open confession of the same—He pleadeth his conservatism—His account of the Anti-Slavery Festival—He praiseth the President of the Evening—And giveth him his due—He giveth the general result and forgiveth its success contrary to his prophesy—He describeth the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Meeting—And discourseth on the Laughing and Weeping Philosophers—He complaineth of the disappointment Mr. Higginson caused him last year—His ideas as to impending War and Insurrection—And his advice touching the same—He apologizeth for preaching, glanceth at commemorative Eatings and Drinkings and concludeth, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Jan. 31, 1859.

I AM not sure that I shall have time to write you a full letter this week, as I am rather "driven into a corner," as a certain friend of ours sometimes says he is. But I suppose you, nor your readers, not to mention foreign nations and future ages, would be content unless you and they have some account of the Anti-Slavery doings of the last week. The Anti-Slavery Festival claims the first notice as the primest novelty, and as, what novelties, however prime, are not always, a most entire success. I confess I had no faith in the plan at all. I am of a staid and conservative turn of mind that were hard to persuade that any change in any long-established matter can be for the better. Gibbon, you may remember, was not quite clear as to the wisdom of overturning that ancient institution, the Holy Inquisition. I don't know how I happened to think of interfering with that other venerable one called Slavery. But, since I have been thus misguided into meddling with what is clearly, on the most competent authority, none of my business, I had transferred the steadfastness of my adherence to institutions to those I found established for its molestation, when I first came into the cause. Now, the Bazaar was one in which I believed with all my might, and the rather because its fruits were manifest and palpable, and its method well organized by long and patient experience. When it was proposed, therefore, to supersede that venerable establishment by a new-fangled and unheard-of-before scheme, I was of as little faith as Thomas himself as to its answering the same purpose. But I acknowledge my error in all humility and contrition.

When I heard, for instance, that it was proposed that the ladies engaged in the movement should be at home all one day at the Music Hall and hold a levee in the evening, in the expectation that pilgrims would come in bearing in their hands gifts of silver and gold, or convertible bank notes, I feared that it would be a conjuration like that of Owen Glendower, and that, though spirits of this choice description might be summoned from the vasty deep, they would be in no haste to obey the invitation. But I was mistaken, and all that shared my doubts. The Music Hall was not crowded, certainly, in the morning and afternoon, but those that came left substantial tokens of their interest in the Cause to the amount of many hundred dollars. In the evening the beautiful hall was lighted up, the Anti-Slavery banners—"torn but flying"—flouted the ceiling, if not the sky, from the front of the balconies, and a band of music occupied the stage in front of the fine statue of Beethoven. Tables, spread with tea and the comestibles that usually accompany the cups that cheer but not inebriate, occupied the sides of the hall, the contents of which were dispensed freely to all comers. And many came, of all classes and conditions of men and women. And on every table lurked a subscription book, concealing its true nature under a variety of garnitures, which yet devoured up many votive dollars before the evening was over.

After an hour or so spent in conversation with the ladies at the tables and in discussion of the good things on them, and in walking about the hall, listening to the music, the chair was taken, by desire of those having absolute authority in the premises, by my valued friend and your former Corresponding Editor, Mr. Edmund Quincy. It is needless for me to expatiate on the manner in which that gentleman discharged the arduous duties assigned to him. It is enough to say that he performed them with his usual distinguished ability, and that, in my opinion, a large share of the success of the occasion—not to say the whole—was due to his admirable administration of affairs; else how can you account for the fact that enough money was taken that night to make up, when added to the gifts of the morning and some sent in since, not less than twenty-five hundred dollars? There was certainly some great skill in management which brought about such a result, and, if not his, where was it? I pause for a reply. Letters were read from W. P. Powell, Mr. Helper of North Carolina, the Rev. M. D. Conway of Cincinnati and Rev. S. J. May. Some few odes, written for the occasion by Mrs. Follen and the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, were sung by the congregation, and speeches made by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Garrison. But all of this, will it not be written in the Book of the Chronicles of the Anti-Slavery Standard, this very week? We dispersed a little before eleven, "shut up in measureless content," as the gracious Duncan was before us. Only we had a better night than he. I do not know the precise figures, but I believe I speak within bounds when I say that the amount collected that day, added to sums previously paid into the treasury, but which might not improperly be credited to this movement, would carry the "tottle of the whole" very near three thousand dollars. Add to this about the same sum received from abroad, and we cannot deny that the promise that the new plan should raise more money than the old one was not broken either to the ear or the hope.

The next day the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society held its Annual Meeting, in Mercantile Hall, in Summer street. It was an excellent good meeting, though the profligate character of the weather on the second day did somewhat affect its numerousness. But even then the evening session was very fully attended; and when I say that the same distinguished person who presided at the Music Hall predominated over the evening sessions, it is unnecessary to say that they were brilliantly successful. As I suppose you will publish the report in this week's paper, it is not worth while to spend my strength in describing it. The last evening we had the pleasure of welcoming to our platform Gov. Robinson, of Kansas—the only real Governor, of her baker's dozen, that she has had, according to Mr. Wendell Phillips. The only division of opinion the discussions called forth was one between the laughing and weeping philosophers, or those who differed as to whether the Cause was on the advance or on the retreat. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Garrison were the leaders of the Democritan, or cheerful, school of philosophy, and Mr. Higginson and Mr. Pillsbury of the Heroclitan, or dejected. Mr. Higginson made a very eloquent and impressive speech, as he always does, but it was thunderous with vaticinations of civil wars and insurrections. My reverend and gallant friend, General Higginson, is apt to indulge in this strain of prophetic oratory—indeed, a little too much, I think. I remember, last year, he broke short off in his description of the bloody scenes at hand, lest he should shock the nerves of some of his auditors. For one, I provided myself with a smelling-bottle and white cambric pocket handkerchief, and have been all the year as ready to faint at the shortest notice as a sentimental young lady when the right man is near to catch her, or as General Pierce himself. But as my preparations have been all thrown away, my excellent friend must pardon me if I decline being frightened again by his black predictions.

Seriously, I think Mr. Higginson, and my dear and honored friend Mr. Parker (who was apt now and then to be led away into what looked like clap-trap of this kind), err in supposing that there are any Abolitionists who cannot look calmly at any contingencies which may arise in the due course of events, even if they should take the shape of servile insurrection or civil war. I do not believe myself that either will occur. I regard a civil war in this country as a moral and political impossibility, and a servile insurrection as a military one into the bargain. There will be occasional fights, the rescue of slaves, for instance, such as was effected in Milwaukee and Syracuse, and failed here, and border fights like those conducted by Old Man Brown and Montgomery lately, and there will be insurrections such as we read of every day, of one slave against one master. Freedom, I suppose, must be baptized in blood, but the baptism of the freedom of the English race has been had. The battles of that liberty were fought between 1642 and 1783, and will never be renewed on a large scale. And no successful insurrection of slaves can take place where the whites outnumber the blacks, and have all the arms, discipline and intelligence, besides. It would take two hundred years to make the slaves predominate sufficiently over the white race to make success possible; and long before that time, the Universal Yankee Nation will have devised some way of removing the obstruction of slavery from the machinery with which they grind out their wealth. At any rate, if wars must come, which can have anything to do with the abolition of slavery, it will be from the operation of Anti-Slavery truth on the opinions and passions of mankind. If they come, we shall unquestionably see then what our duty is, and do it. But it seems to me that nothing can be more absurd than for a handful like the Abolitionists, but all-powerful in their moral position, to shake their fists in the face of Uncle Sam and propose to thrash him into better behavior. And, I rather think, the less we talk about fighting, the better will be our general reputation for sense and courage.

And here I've been preaching, through two paragraphs! I really beg your pardon, and will not intrude into your pulpit again in disguise. And I have cut myself short of all possibility of giving you any accounts of the three feasts we have spread in honor of two dead men and one living one: I mean Mr. Webster, Robert Burns, and Mr. Blair, the M. C. for St. Louis. The fact that I was not at either of them would not be at all material to my account of them. The fact is, I was not invited to the Webster dinner, a circumstance I can in no way account for; and as to the others, I did not feel moved to assist at them. I believe, however, they all had all the success that usually attends such ritual services, and were solemnized duly with all appropriate meat-offerings, drink-offerings and talk-offerings. But I must stop or lose the post.

D. F.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Progress of corruption in the Republican party—Humphrey Marshall and his blandishments—Washburne and Giddings come to the rescue and get harshly criticised and denounced, or "damned with faint praise"—Massachusetts members shaky—Senator Wilson on dangerous ground—Burlingame a man of policy—Trading with the slaveholders—Republicans tongue tied by the power of slavery—Treason under consideration—The Republican masses warned—Debate in the Senate on Slidell's Thirty Million bill—Seward cautious and non-committal—Hale using up Toombs—Debate on the Slave Trade in the House—The South divided and distracted, &c.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 1, 1859.

As I begin to write to THE STANDARD from Washington near the close of a session, I shall be pardoned by my readers if I go back a little and refer to events transpiring previously to the week which is under particular review in this letter.

The temporary coalition of last session between the Republicans and South Americans upon a single measure—the Crittenden Kansas bill—and which was justified by the most reliable anti-slavery members, has resulted in many mischievous consequences, the prominent one being the strange desire of certain Republicans for a *permanent* coalition between the parties.

Last winter, Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, was a kind of leader of the coalition forces, and the temporary command of such allied strength elated him to such a degree that ever since the occasion passed he has been laboring with great zeal, great ability, and every art within his power, to sap the foundations of the Republican organization and build up on its ruins a great *Opposition party*, which shall seek first to overthrow the Democrats, and last to get the offices themselves.

Mr. Marshall is a bad man. With a fine intellect and great powers of persuasion, he is as fierce a defender of slavery as there is in Congress, and is fully identified with the institution. But he shrewdly omits to say much in favor of Southern institutions at this time, but rather talks loudly against the Administration, hoping that the Republicans will consent to make common cause with him and his friends against the Democracy. He has been successful to a degree and has already won over to himself many Republicans. Indeed, so far has he succeeded in corrupting the conservative wing of the Republican party, that a contest is going on between the conservatives and radicals. Still worse: it is not an uncommon thing to hear a Republican from a radical anti-slavery district talk of *union* in a general election with the slaveholders of the South!

Observing this dangerous defection from the cause of freedom on the part of many prominent Republicans, Messrs. Washburne of Maine and Giddings Ohio of saw fit to deliver able and eloquent speeches in defence of the anti-slavery idea. They contended that to drop the anti-slavery issue would be to render the Republican party unworthy the support of good men, and that success in such an event was rather to be deplored than desired.

These speeches have been harshly criticised and even denounced by many Republicans, and "damned with faint praise" by men from the more decided anti-slavery States. To be a little particular, as one must be to do any good, I judge, from what I have seen and heard, that not one-half of the Massachusetts members have given their support to the two gallant veterans who came so early to the rescue of whatever is good in the Republican platform. From this single fact you can judge of the present condition of the Republican members of Congress. Why, even Gen. Wilson, who is so true to his State whenever an issue is presented with slavery, who is so fearless in his conduct with the slave-bullies, who is so generally worthy of approbation, after all has not escaped the effect of an alliance with Southern members. He is a politician, and does not always, in his political plans, keep the great issue in view.

Politics seem to bedevil nearly all who touch them. There is Burlingame, of Boston, who came into Congress a warm-hearted enemy of slavery—full of eloquent indignation at wrong and cruelty wherever it might exist. Where is he now? When does he speak a single word against the slaveholder—against the hideous iniquity of slavery? His tongue is tied—he has become *a man of policy!* His personal friendships are for slaveholders, even his intimacies are with them, until he has now a reputation for *voting with them* upon many doubtful questions, and, as a member of the House Committee of Commerce, he hesitates to sign an able Minority Report which condemned with severity the Slidell-Corruption bill!

A fortnight since, a most iniquitous claim was before Congress for the payment of $350,000 to certain citizens of Alabama and Georgia for alleged injuries sustained by them from the Creek and Choctaw Indians. It was well said at the time, by Gen. Granger of New York, that if the money was to be paid at all, it was due *to the Indians*. But when the vote was taken, the only Massachusetts representatives who voted to kill the bill were Messrs. Dawes, Comins, Buffinton and Knapp! In spite of this sad defection, the bill was defeated. The only excuse I have heard made is that Massachusetts has a claim before Congress, and that trading has been going on with the slaveholders. This is but a sample of the conduct of many other members of the same party; and as most of the Republican journals are closed to any just criticisms upon these men, I feel it my duty to write them at this time. There are members from New York, from Maine, from Connecticut, from Pennsylvania and Ohio, who dare not utter a loud word in the House for freedom; aye, more, who have no desire to speak for the slave—who, in the words of a Republican member, "have had enough of the nigger question." Let the people hear these things and watch their representatives closely. There is treason under consideration by these gentlemen; and unless honest anti-slavery Republicans bestir themselves, they will be sold like sheep in the market.

The great desideratum of these political traders seems to be to secure an Opposition triumph in the organization of the next House of Representatives. They beseech the anti-slavery representatives to keep their indignation curbed lest the slaveholding Americans *be offended!*

Better far run an open, frank, decided candidate and be defeated. If the other course is pursued, it will result in the election of some such man as Marshall of Kentucky, and in the complete demoralization of the Republicans.

The debate in the Senate, a short time ago, upon Mr. Slidell's Thirty Million bill was unusually interesting and significant. Mr. Slidell led off in support of his own measure, and may fairly be set down as representing the sentiment of the Southern fire-eaters and slave-traders. Mr. Mason followed, somewhat reluctantly, in support of this strange and startling proposition—for he is a strict constructionist—and *he* represented the conservative sentiment in the South. Then Mr. Seward arose and opposed the bill with his usual ability, but with a good deal more than his usual caution. He did *not* oppose the acquisition of Cuba, nor interpose as a fatal objection the fact that she is a slave island, for Mr. Seward has his eye upon the Presidential chair, and the interests of the party—I do not mean by this that he is a time-server, for he is not—and he made a very good argument against the acquisition of Cuba *at the present time*. John P. Hale, caring little how parties may be scared, and only thinking of the gallant band of radical Republicans, or "Liberty men," whom he used alone to represent, made *the* speech of the debate. He condemned the cupidity of our government and people, objected to the annexation of another slave State to this Union, and held up the piratical arguments of Mason, Slidell and Toombs before his sarcasm, wit and drollery as a target, and he was sufficiently successful to keep his audience in laughter till he had concluded. It is always safe to follow up Toombs with Hale. The first-named Senator is a furious, demoniac defender of slavery, and passes for a very able lawyer and statesman. Doubtless he has his fine points. But he is also great at bluster, and Jack Hale is excellent at pricking a bag of wind, for he has had much practice in the Senate.

In the House we have had the most interesting debate of the session. It was upon the African Slave Trade, and sprung up in Committee of the Whole, upon an appropriation of $75,000 to carry back the Echo negroes, and house and school them one year in Liberia. This item startled the slaveholders. What! Pay money out of the U. S Treasury *to educate negroes*, when at home it is a crime to teach them to read the Lord's Prayer out of the Testament! Here was inconsistency, to be sure. All debate had been closed upon the bill before the Committee and only five-minute speeches upon amendments were in order, but as there was no limit to the amendments offered, it resulted in giving the Southern members all a chance to say something. Some of the speaking was eloquent, some bombastic, and more still third-rate. The fact was made distinctly to appear that the extreme Southern States want the slave trade with Africa reopened. And another: that the Democratic party will one day be rent in twain upon this question. Said the Charleston member, "I am a sectional man. I act with the Democratic party because it stands by slavery. Let it swerve the half of a hair's breadth, and I desert it!" Said John Cochrane of New York, "If this issue is forced on me, I shall stand by the section from which I come." And Groesbeck of Ohio, "Let the issue come! I am ready for it *now!*" These men are all so-called Democrats. The Southerners, to a large number, voted against the whole Appropriation bill because of this item, and twice defeated it, but on the third trial it passed by three votes majority. The slave trade was not legitimately under discussion, but it sprung out of the return of the victims of that trade, rescued by American ships, to Africa. This is a question which the slaveholders will continue to agitate, and which will eventually shiver the Democratic party to atoms, if it should chance to survive another decade of years.

D. S. T.

PERSONAL.

Bayard Taylor, not J. G. Whittier, is the author of the poem, "The Palm and the Pine," in the last *Atlantic Monthly*.

W. C. Bond, the eminent astronomer, and for many years Director of the Cambridge Observatory, died a few days since, aged 69 years.

William H. Prescott, the eminent historian, died at his residence in Boston, on the 28th ult., aged 62 years. His death was sudden and unexpected, being caused by apoplexy.

The Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch* says that $1,200 have been subscribed toward the ransom from slavery of "Bob Butt," the man whose case is stated in an article which the reader will find on the first page. Subscriptions are coming in rapidly, says the same paper.

Ralph Waldo Emerson addressed the congregation of the Rev. Theodore Parker on Sunday last. His subject was "Culture." He has been invited to occupy the pulpit for twenty successive Sundays, and it is hoped that he will consent to do so.

Aaron M. Powell writes us under date of Jan. 25: "On Tuesday evening last I listened to the fifth lecture of the annual course before the Franklin Library Association at Hudson, delivered by George William Curtis. It was truly a magnificent lecture—the theme 'Democracy and Education.' Its moral tone was elevated, its arrangement admirable, its delivery very eloquent. Save Wendell Phillips's 'Agitation,' I have never heard anything from the Lyceum which would at all compare with it."

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Journal* communicates the following, under date of Jan. 6, respecting Senator Sumner: "A letter received yesterday from Mr. Sumner gives but little encouragement for his speedy recovery to his numerous friends. The fact of his still being in the South of France is the best indication of his health. He will get away from France and Europe as soon as it is possible. One cannot conceive how much Mr. Sumner has suffered of late—during the last summer he has died a hundred times."

The Rev. Theodore Parker will probably sail for the West Indies about the 8th inst. He will, it is said, be accompanied by Dr. Howe and the lady members of his family. He has published the following card:

A Card.—Theodore Parker returns his hearty thanks to the many friends, in all parts of the country, who send him their words of advice, of sympathy, or of lofty cheer, and regrets that he is not able to answer their letters: the Spirit is grateful, but the Flesh is weak. Boston, 21st January, 1859.

William S. Bailey, editor of *The Free South* (published at Newport, Ky.), is in New York for the purpose of soliciting such aid as the friends of freedom can afford to enable him to maintain a free press on slave soil. He has made large personal sacrifices to this end, and needs help to drive the wolf, Slavery, from his door; in other words, to avert the necessity of surrendering his little all to satisfy the claims of clamorous pro-slavery creditors. His paper is worthy of support, and we hope he may succeed in the object for which he has come hither.

The Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post* says:

"The Republican Senators and Representatives of this Congress have opened a subscription paper, which was speedily filled up, for the purpose of raising between five and six hundred dollars to purchase a magnificent service of plate, to be presented to the venerable Joshua R. Giddings, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his public labors in the councils of the nation. These labors have extended through twenty years. The gift is not one of a political nature. Several 'Democrats' are among the subscribers, and others from the same party desired to contribute, but did not wish to have their names appear. Such subscriptions were declined, as the names of all donors are to be inscribed upon the plate, with a suitable inscription in addition."

E. H. Heywood, an eloquent young man lately graduated from Brown University, and whose lectures upon slavery in Rhode Island and Massachusetts have won for him a high reputation as a thicker and speaker, lately addressed the Lyceum at Fall River upon "Individualism." The *Monitor* says the lecture "was a strange admixture of fact, fun and quotations, a sort of original and borrowed conglomerate, hitting almost everybody and everything, and was infinitely more laughter-provoking than anything we have had in the lecture line this season. It was well spiced and peppered and otherwise palatably seasoned." The *Monitor* is a little afraid of Mr. Heywood's radicalism, and qualifies its praise accordingly.

William Lloyd Garrison addressed the congregation of Theodore Parker, at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 23d ult., and, in concluding his discourse, paid a generous tribute to the genius, the learning, the high moral integrity and commanding eloquence of the now disabled preacher. He said:

"His name shall be enrolled, by a grateful and admiring posterity, high upon the list of the world's benefactors, alike in the field of humanity and the realm of thought. Wherever tidings of his illness shall spread, there will be great anxiety of mind, great sorrow of heart, and the most earnest invocations for his speedy restoration to health, on the part of the truly noble and good, of all who are divested of the hateful spirit of bigoted intolerance, of all who are able to perceive or appreciate rare learning and scholarly culture, moral heroism of purpose, spotless integrity of character, active humanity, consummate ability, and a beautiful life. Let us not despair of his recovery. 'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.' We will at least hope for the best. No matter who may seek to disparage or revile him; we know him as one who has proved his love to God by the love he bears for his fellow-men, and every other test is worthless. In so much as he is both hated and feared by the traffickers in human flesh, and the venal accomplices of a heaven-defying slave oligarchy; by the whole tribe of hypocritical scribes and pharisees, and their deluded followers; by every wolf in sheep's clothing, by every low demagogue, by every enemy of human progress; in so much, and more, shall he be loved, revered and honored in the great Hereafter."

Ella Burns, a beautiful child, only four years of age, has astonished and delighted many people in this city by her wonderful elocutionary and dramatic powers. Having often seen and heard her, we can endorse the following notice from the pen of Mr. Bryant of *The Evening Post:*

"She recites poetry not only with great propriety of emphasis, but great feeling, passing from the spirited to the plaintive and pathetic with as perfect a judgment as if she were twenty years older. Her enunciation is remarkably perfect and distinct, and she makes herself heard at a great distance, and in a crowded room. We heard her in a dialogue from Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*—she taking the part of Juliet and her mother reading the part of Romeo—in which she gave the tenderness and innocent coquetry of the maid of Verona with an effect which seemed perilously preternatural. In another scene from a comedy, representing the quarrel between a wife and a husband, she recited the part of the wife, pleased and satisfied at first, and afterwards captious and angry, with equal spirit.

"This little wonder is said to have learned to read without ever having learned to spell. It was found that she had taught herself during her walks in the streets in Cincinnati, by asking what were the words on the signs which she saw; and having once learned to call them rightly there, she afterwards read them accurately from books. In reading from a book which she never saw before, the justness of her emphasis is surprising, as well as the flexibility of her intonations, adapting them to the feeling expressed. She prefers poetry to prose, probably because poetry makes less use of abstruse terms. When not engaged in reading or reciting, her behavior is childlike and playful, like that of other children of her age."

"Little Ella," as she is generally called, will be honored by a complimentary benefit at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, Feb. 10, under the auspices of Mayor Tieman and a Committee of distinguished ladies and gentlemen; the object being to raise a fund for the proper education of this remarkable child-reader, and to prevent the necessity for her continued appearance before the public. Tickets of admission fifty cents.

The following letter was read, on Sunday last, to the congregation worshipping in Music Hall, Boston. The feelings it awakened may be more easily imagined than described.

MUCH-VALUED FRIENDS: When I first found myself unable to speak to you again, and medical men bade me be silent, and flee off for my life to a more genial clime, I determined, before I went, to make ready and publish my New Year's sermon, the last I ever preached; and the one which was to follow it, the last I ever wrote, lying there yet unspoken; and, also, to prepare a letter to you, reviewing our past intercourse of now nearly fifteen years.

The phonographer's swift pen made the first work easy, and the last sermon lies printed before you: the next I soon laid aside, reserving my forces for the last. But alas! the Thought, and still more the Emotion, requisite for such a Letter, under such circumstances, are quite too much for me now. So, with much regret, I find myself compelled to forego the attempt—nay, rather, I trust, only to *postpone* it for a few weeks.

Now I can but write this note in parting, to thank you for the patience with which you have heard me so long; for the open-handed generosity which has provided for my unexpected needs; for the continued affection which so many of you have always shown me, and now more tenderly than ever; and yet above all for the joy it has given me to see the great ideas and emotions of true religion spring up in your fields with such signs of promise. If my labors were to end to-day, I should still say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," for I think few men have seen larger results follow such labors, and so brief. But I shall not think our connection is ended, or likely soon to be; I hope yet to look in your eyes again, and speak to your hearts. So far as my recovery depends on me, be assured, dear friends, I shall leave nothing undone to effect it; and so far as it is beyond human control, certainly you and I can trust the Infinite Parent of us all, without whose beneficent Providence not even a sparrow falls to the ground; living here or in Heaven, we are all equally the children of that unbounded Love. It has given me great pain that I could not be with such of you as have lately suffered bereavements and other affliction, and at least speak words of endearment and sympathy, when words of consolation would not suffice.

I know not how long we shall be separated, but, while thankful for our past relations, I shall still fervently pray for your Welfare and Progress in True Religion, both as a Society and as individual men and women. I know you will still think only too kindly of

Your minister and friend, THEODORE PARKER.

Exeter place, Jan. 27, 1859.

NEW YORK STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

ALBANY, Feb. 1, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE New York State Annual Anti-Slavery Convention commenced its sessions last evening, in this city, at Association Hall.

Mr. Peckham, of Washington County, called to order, and the organization was effected by choice of Aaron M. Powell for President, and Joseph W. Peckham Vice-President, and Jonathan Wilde and Elizabeth M. Powell Secretaries.

A Business Committee was appointed, consisting of W. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Phebe H. Jones, Parker Pillsbury and Emma Wilde.

The meeting last evening was numerously attended, and was addressed by Messrs. Garrison and Phillips in a manner to do full justice to their well-earned reputation, and to hold their auditory in close attention to a late hour.

To-day the meeting is not so large, as is generally the case between day and evening; but the Committee have presented a series of resolutions, which will keep alive the interest, and secure a crowded house this evening. The resolutions relate to the necessity of a dissolution of the Federal Union for the abolition of slavery. They are most ably and argumentatively drawn, embodying, as evidence, the declarations of many eminent men, slaveholders as well as others. Mr. Phillips is now speaking in his usual felicitous manner.

I am very sorry not to see the members of the Legislature present. They were supplied with complimentary tickets, as were also the clergy of the city; but they seem to have engagements elsewhere, the most of them. However, the road to both those bodies is through the popular heart. They feed at the popular haystack, and follow the sunshine round, as cattle do in cold days at Christmas. So we know what to do with them.

P. P.

POLITICS.

The reader is referred to the article on the first page, from the Washington *States*, for evidence of the Babel-confusion that reigns in the councils of the sham Democracy. Accordlog to that journal, than which none is better qualified to speak with authority, there is no longer any such entity as a Democratic party, it being divided into a number of warring cliques, each following some selfish leader and seeking to outwit and supplant the others. We regard this state of things as eminently hopeful.

The difference between the President and his Secretary of the Treasury (Cobb of Ga.) upon the Tariff question is splitting "the party" into two hostile factions. The President recommends certain changes in the Tariff as a means both of revenue and protection, and threatens to convoke an extra session of Congress if his wishes are not complied with before the 4th of March. The chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House is anxious to carry out the President's plan, but all his efforts are counteracted by the Secretary of the Treasury, who tells the members of Congress that the Tariff as it is will soon be sufficient for revenue purposes, and ought not, therefore, to be changed. He prefers to borrow until this good time arrives. The Republicans generally are in favor of making the Tariff more protective than it is at present, and opposed to further borrowing. They say, "Pay as you go; we will not vote to borrow another dollar; and unless you increase the revenue by changes in the Tariff or direct taxation, we will vote to cut down the appropriations." The President and his echo in the Senate (Mr. Bigler) fear that Pennsylvania will go over to the Republicans, if the Southern Democrats do not conciliate her on this question.

It is stated that colored students are now attending the exercises of the Yale Medical School.—*Journal of Commerce*, 21st ult.

I think you ought to add, that these colored students are two young men from Liberia, and that they had been refused admittance at Pittsfield, Mass., and also at a Medical school in Vermont. The Professors at Pittsfield were willing to admit them, but the members of the class would not consent.

Yours, very respectfully, W. MCLAIN, Col. Rooms.

Washington, Dec. 22.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Summary.

Dr. Chapin has selected some twenty of his discourses, preached at his church in Broadway, and they will be published in a few months, under the title "Select Sermons by Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D."

Dr. T. L. Nichols, the husband of Mrs. Gove Nichols, is lecturing at New Orleans on the laws of health, and against Protestantism. Prof. Fowler is lecturing at the same place on courtship and matrimony.

Mr. Richard K. Cralle, of Virginia, according to rumor, has in preparation an elaborate biography of John C. Calhoun, founded on his private papers and other authentic materials. Mr. Cralle is editor of the six volumes of Calhoun's works published by the Appletons.

The black barber at Lawrence, Kansas, declined to shave Gov. Medary by the month. Tom said, "Well, massa gobernor, I don't mean no riz dispeck, but den all the gobernors ob dis territory don't stay here but so short, and dey run away so fass, and I'se not sure dat you be here a month; and so, you see, I don't know, massa."

Miscellaneous Department.

ROBERT EMMET.

I want a hero: an uncommon want.—Byron.

Translated for The Standard *from the French of Madame* D'Haussonville.

IN CONTINUATION.....VI.

An article in *The Times*, of December, 1841, entitled "Robert Emmet and the Gaoler of Kilmainham," tells us that an attempt to effect the escape of Robert Emmet, "that ill-fated but deeply interesting young man," took place between his arrest and his trial. He knew of it, and had reason not entirely to despair of its success. They intended to hurry him off to America. The sum of £1,000 was to be given to the jailer, George Dunn, by the mediation of Dr. Trevor, whom Madden calls the inquisitor of Kilmainham; in consideration of which he undertook to favor in every possible way the escape of the prisoner. No sooner was the money received than the Doctor revealed the whole to the police. An anonymous correspondent of *The Times* boasts, under the signature of "Verax," of his own agency in the affair. "He who writes this letter," he says, "knew well the risk and difficulty of the enterprise. He knew he was thereby compromising himself in a case of high treason. He was aware of the legal crime, but of his moral crime he acknowledges no repentance. His only regret is to have failed in the undertaking. Robert Emmet had a great and nob'e heart; he shared with his family those talents which have made the name of Emmet immortal. But seeing him on the brink of the grave, the hand of death extended over him, what man having in his breast a heart would not have acted as I did? If it were a crime, the writer is proud of having been a criminal with Wilson and Hutchinson."

At length the great day arrived which the public were awaiting with so much anxiety. Robert Emmet appeared before a Special Commission, of which Lord Norbury was President and Baron George and Baron Daly Judges. Messieurs Standish O'Grady and Plunket were the Attorney and the Solicitor-General, and Messieurs Burrows and MacNally were appointed counsel of the accused. In order to understand the position of the parties, it should be remembered that Lord Norbury was one of the men most justly blamed for the cruelty of his conduct in 1798: he had been surnamed the *hanging judge*, and no man brought before him came out of his hands alive. Under the name of Mr. Toler, he had pursued the children of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and demanded that their property should be confiscated, precisely as if their father, who died in prison, had undergone the sentence of the law. Mr. Plunket, afterwards Lord Plunket, was an eminent orator of the patriotic opposition in the old Irish Parliament. His powerful and penetrating eloquence gave him a singular hold over his auditors. He had been the early friend of Thomas Addis Emmet, though he did not share all his opinions. In the debates on the act of union he did not shrink from declaring that resistance became thenceforth a duty, and that insurrection was no longer for Ireland other than a question of prudence. "For my own part," he said, "I shall resist to my last breath—to the last drop of my blood; and on the approach of the hour of dissolution, I will, like the father of Hannibal, lead my children to the foot of the altar, and there make them swear eternal war against the foes of my country's liberty. I forbid all attacks against the Constitution; and if you make one, I declare that not a man in Ireland is under obligations to obey you." Three years sufficed to calm the indignation of Mr. Plunket; and after that short delay, he became Solicitor-General of the Crown. Forgetting his own eloquent invectives, perhaps desiring to make others forget them, he pursued the unfortunate young man who had the misfortune to take his words in earnest with a severity and a vehemence revolting to all present. Madden loves to contrast the words with which Mr. Plunket stigmatizes the insurrection of 1803 and those with which he himself excites to insurrection. This kind of conversion is not peculiar to Ireland. Other times and climes afford examples of it.

When Robert Emmet left the prison to go the court of justice, he exchanged a few words at the grate with Mr. Saint-John Mason, then confined at Kilmainham. In reply to some observations of Mr. Mason, he was heard to utter these last words: "*In utrumque paratus.*" He was dressed in black, from head to foot, wore a black velvet cravat and Hessian boots, as they were then called.

At ten in the morning the trial begun. The crowd was immense. The soldiers had orders to take possession of the Hall. From a distance nothing was to be seen but uniforms, and the real public, repulsed on every side, crowded round the doors. As Robert Emmet took the criminal's bench, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Burrowes, whom he had named as his counsel, and said to him, "My dear friend, you must not defend me. I know your talent and courage, but to-day you must exercise neither in my behalf." The session was opened by reading the indictment drawn up "against Robert Emmet, Esquire, subject of our lawful Lord and King; who not having the fear of God in his heart, but moved by the instigation of the devil, has treasonably conspired against his lawful King, to whom, as a faithful subject, he owes love and obedience, has disturbed the peace of the kingdom and tried to despoil our said Lord and lawful King of the government of this country," &c., &c. After the indictment had been read, the prisoner was asked if he were "Guilty or not guilty!" "Not Guilty," replied Robert Emmet, with a firm voice.

Mr. Standish O'Grady, the Attorney-General, then spoke. His speech was long, without either life or glow, but full of gravity and propriety; and we feel his words to be those of one true to his honest convictions. The partiality of his point of view and the severity of his tone bear such marks of good faith that they do not deprive him of our respect as a magistrate. After an emphatic and prolonged eulogy of the English government and its benefits to Ireland, he gives a succinct account of the recent insurrection, contemptible for its insignificance, however atrocious in its consequences—the effect of a conspiracy of which it is hard to say whether it were most hateful or ridiculous. He reduces the enterprise to the most insignificant proportions, and goes so far as to say that the pleasure of wearing the uniform of the rebel army doubtless was a strong motive in the schemes of so young a man. The conspiracy had only served to display the love of the people for their lawful Sovereign. "We have not brought to the bar to-day, gentlemen, a man who has been led on and seduced by others; but a gentleman who may be regarded as the author, the life and soul of the rebellion. His understanding with France, and his intention to bring foreigners into the bosom of his country, cannot be doubted." Then followed a gloomy picture of the French revolution—"the scourge of the world and of civilized nations." Then, reading the draft of the unfinished letter found at Robert Emmet's house on the day of his arrest, the Attorney-General paused at the following phrase: "Who in Ireland that conspires against the English government, does not know that he does it at the risk of his life?" He goes on: "One might, indeed, think, by the promptitude with which some men embark in conspiracy, that this salutary lesson had not been sufficiently impressed upon their minds. I would that every man who entertains these treasonable projects might ask himself whether he is ready to encounter the loss of life and fortune, and the condemnation of the world. If those who have heretofore appeared before the courts have been only isolated, obscure individuals, of no mark or influence, I am as sorry for it as the prisoner can be. But I hope that our commission will not end without having shown the world some examples of justice from the more elevated ranks of society. For, if it is true that without conspirators there would be no rebellion, it is equally true that without inferior instruments for their ambition there would be no conspirators. Hence it is that examples of rigorous justice are as needful in the lower as in the higher classes of society. But it must be seen that these criminals go to the scaffold with very different feelings. He who has compromised the lives of others is doubly guilty and must render to God a terrible account in the day of retribution."

The Attorney-General ended his speech by charging the jury not to be turned from their duty by a culpable commiseration; to forget all they might have heard of the prisoner before the trial, and to take no account of his reputation and previous life. It is easy to see the motive of this recommendation, ordinarily made in the interest of the accused: the life and previous character of Robert Emmet would have pleaded only too powerfully in his favor.

Then came the testimony of witnesses to different scenes in the insurrection; * * * the last of which was that of Major Sirr, touching the arrest. All this while, Emmet remained profoundly silent. He only demanded, through his counsel, when the papers found at the dépôt in Thomas street were put in evidence, that the following paragraph, taken from the manifesto of the Provisional Government, should be read aloud:

"Henceforth, flogging and the torture are forbidden on the soil of Ireland, and cannot, under any pretext whatever, be inflicted on any individual."

When the witnesses had all been cited, Mr. MacNally, Mr. Emmet's counsel, declared that as the accused had called no witnesses in his defence, nor questioned nor commented on the testimony already offered, having no intention to make any defence, the trial would seem to have closed on both sides. But Mr. Plunket, Solicitor-General of the Crown, rose. "It is," he said, "with extreme regret that, in such circumstances as these, I do not feel free to follow the example given me by the counsel of the defendant." The Attorney-General then said that, the prisoner having made no defence, it was not necessary for the Crown counsel to speak. It could be only his own personal wish, therefore, that determined Mr. Plunket to address the court.

He rose and spoke at greater length than the Attorney-General had done. His words were elegant, precise and severe. He accumulated every proof of guilt, and invoked the just severity of the law against the accused. "Here," said he, "you behold the centre, the life, the blood and the soul of this atrocious conspiracy. The prisoner arrives from France at the moment when war is about to be declared between that country and England; and as soon as the war begins, he puts in execution his treasonable projects, in concert with the foreign invasion. It is easy, gentlemen, to draw conclusions from such a course. The avowed purpose of the conspiracy (for they dared not proclaim their real intentions) was to separate Ireland from England. Gentlemen, it would be loss of time to demonstrate the criminal folly of him who seeks to dissolve this empire, the glory and happiness of which depend upon its indissoluble union. Were it possible to break it, to undo the ties that bind us to England, and to cast ourselves upon the ocean of revolution, who could answer for the existence of Ireland for a single year? God and nature have made these two countries each essential to the other: let them remain united as long as time shall last!" "This eloquence," remarks Madden, "is only inferior to Plunket's speech on the act of union." "Certainly, I am profoundly attached to the union, because I regard it as essential to the liberty of Ireland. But I do not hesitate to declare that if ministerial ambition shall attack that liberty, and force me to the alternative of separating from England or sacrificing the independence of my country, I throw to the winds the union with England and press to my heart the independence of my country."

Pleading for the crown against Emmet, Plunket went on to say: "They sought to introduce into this happy nation, which enjoys the advantage of an admirable Constitution, the infection of these new French principles; and they are unable to cite a single instance of oppression in excuse of their criminal attempt. Where is the man who cannot exercise in this country his honest industry, and enjoy his own in peace? What do they ask? Of what do they complain? What can a wise friend of liberty desire, of which this people is not in full possession? These idle histories of six centuries of oppression, without a fact in their support, are only a pretext by which the ambitious and the factious would seduce credulity and ignorance. It is not for us, gentlemen, to limit the Divine mercy: and God alone knows what sincere repentance can effect. But if this unfortunate young man, who has made so sad a use of his great talents, still retains a trace of the virtuous education he received, he will employ what time remains to him in solemn expiation of his crimes against God and his country. It is said that he saved the life of Farrell. May the remembrance of this good action console his last moments! But it is surely no title to the compassion of his judges that, in his general scheme of destruction, he has not planned the murder of individuals. I trust that all the blood which has been shed in the streets of Dublin and on the scaffold, will not be demanded at the prisoner's hands. At an hour's warning, what horrible scenes of bloodshed struck the Capital with terror! And yet they dare to invoke the protection of God upon their cause, as a just one! But since it is guilty, atrocious and abominable, I ardently pray God to confound and annihilate it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE QUAKERS.

The resolution of the members of the Society of Friends to relax the stringency of their standards concerning plainness of apparel and plainness of speech is not nearly so important in a practical sense here as in the north of England, where the body is so numerous and so influential. The original object of the Quaker mode of dress was to fix on that form of costume which should mark the wearer's simplicity and modesty of character by being the least conspicuous and discernible that could be put on. The consequence, however, of adhering with pertinacity to the letter of the first arrangement, and refusing in the slightest degree to yield to the varying currents of fashion and habit among men, has been that by degrees the garb chosen for its ordinariness has become signally conspicuous and extraordinary. Of a like tenor is the history of the *theeing* and *thouing*. Men of sober, and, let us admit, so far sound and correct taste, took umbrage at the fashionable euphemisms and affectations of the age, and at the ambitious literary effects which were embarrassing the plain English tongue with tropes and pleonasms. The rule adopted by them was one of perfect simplicity—to speak in good grammar and use no useless words. But forms of grammar are liable to change, becoming first obsolete and next illegitimate, until the good grammar of one century is the bad grammar of another, and in the mouths of the great grandsons of those who adopted it for its goodness and simplicity it becomes conspicuous for its badness and affectedness. Those who would be simple in mere human institutions must go in some measure with the world, remembering that the makers of all of them are but men with imperfect capacities, and that it is too much like an assumption of infallibility to maintain the handiwork of our own imperfect faculties as absolutely right, and those of the multitude as absolutely wrong. Nor are these peculiarities of the surface all that occurred to remind our friends that they could not raise themselves on a solid platform far above the sins and follies of mankind. They had their share of these, which have presented themselves in all the more grotesque and sometimes formidable an aspect from the antagonistic elements among which they have developed themselves. No external crust of broad brim or brown cloth could keep pride, and vanity, and love of wealth and power—not to speak of the grosser feelings of humanity—from entering the Quaker heart; and when they got into that guarded sanctuary, they made wild work in it. Towards a class of men, however, whose general characteristics have been nobleness and goodness, we are not going to take the ungracious task of casting up against them the deeds of those sinful brethren who have reminded them from time to time that they are not entirely removed above the level of the rest of mankind. The grotesque shape in which it has been found necessary for those who kept themselves so rigidly apart from the ordinary forms of human vanity and weakness to yield to these failings, when they did yield, is a more legitimate and less uncharitable subject for animadversion; and we propose to conclude with a characteristic little anecdote, not generally known, but to be found in a curious book of the last century, called *Douglas's Description of the East Coast of Scotland*. It relates to Barclay of Mathers, the father of the Apologist, who had been a colonel under Gustavus Adolphus, but become Quaker in his old days. The descendant of a fierce race, which in later days produced a Russian field-marshal and an English pugilist, the colonel had strong, hot blood in him. A neighbor, trusting too implicitly to the restraints of the order, was found encroaching on Barclay's marches. He argued about justice and property in vain. The neighbor determined to support his encroachment by force, and brought a follower to the spot. Barclay also went thither with some of his people, and, marching forward with grim serenity, said, "Friend, I have long since renounced the wrathful principle, and wish not to quarrel with thee; but, if thou persistest, perchance thou mayst arouse the old Adam within me, and I warn thee that he may prove too strong both for me and for thee." This ominous warning of the colonel's continued liability to the frailties of the flesh was prudently noted and acted on.—*Scotsman.*

Readings by Dickens in America.—A New York correspondent says: "A gentleman has lately left here for London for the purpose of making an arrangement, or engagement, with Mr. Charles Dickens to deliver, in this country, the series of reading he has read with so much *éclat* in England."

THE BURNS CENTENARY.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

At the Burns Festival in New York, Jan. 25, 1859.

On rising to begin the announcement of the regular toasts for this evening, my first duty is to thank my excellent friends of the Burns Club, with whom I do not now meet for the first time, and whose annual festivities are among the pleasantest I ever attended, for the honor they have done me in calling me to the chair I occupy—an honor the more to be prized on account of the rare occasion on which it is bestowed. An honor which can be conferred but once in a century is an honor indeed. This evening the memory of Burns will be celebrated as it never was before. His fame, from the time when he first appeared before the world as a poet, has been growing and brightening, as the morning brightens into the perfect day. There never was a time when his merits were so freely acknowledged as now; when the common consent of the literary world placed him so high, or spoke his praises with so little intermixture of disparagement; when the anniversary of his birth could have awakened so general and fervent an enthusiasm. If we could imagine a human being endowed with the power of making himself, through the medium of his senses, a witness of whatever is passing on the face of the globe, what a series of festivities, what successive manifestations of the love and admiration which all who speak our language bear to the great Scottish poet, would present themselves to his observation, accompanying the shadow of this night in its circuit round the earth! Some twelve hours before this time he would have heard the praises of Burns recited and the songs of Burns sung on the banks of the Ganges—the music flowing out at the open windows in the soft evening air of that region, and mingling with the murmurs of the sacred river. A little later he might have heard the same sounds from the mouth of the Euphrates; later still, from the southern extremity of Africa, under constellations strange to our eyes—the stars of the southern hemisphere—and almost at the same moment from the rocky shores of the Ionian Isles. Next they would have been heard from the orange groves of Malta, and from the winter colony of English and Americans on the banks of the Tiber. Then, in its turn, the Seine takes up the strain, and what a chorus rises from the British Isles—from every ocean mart, and river, and mountain-side, with a distant response from the rock of Gibraltar! Last, in the Old World, on its westernmost verge, the observer whom I have imagined would have heard the voice of song and of gladness from the coasts of Liberia and Sierra Leone, among a race constitutionally and passionately fond of music, and to which we have given our language and literature. In the New World, frozen Newfoundland has already led in the festival of this night; and next, those who dwell where the St. Lawrence holds an icy mirror to the stars; thence it has passed to the hills and valleys of New England; and it is now our turn, on the lordly Hudson. The Schuylkill will follow, the Potomac, the rivers of the Carolinas; the majestic St. John's, drawing his dark, deep waters from the Everglades; the borders of our mighty lakes, the beautiful Ohio, the great Mississippi, with its fountains gushing under fields of snow, and its mouth among the flowers that fear not the frost. Then will our festival, in its westward course, cross the Rocky Mountains, and gather in joyous assemblies those who pasture their herds on the Columbia, and those who dig for gold on the Sacramento. By a still longer interval, it will pass to Australia, lying in her distant solitude of waters, and now glowing with the heats of midsummer, where I fear the zealous countrymen of Burns will find the short night of the season too short for their festivities. And thus will this commemoration pursue the sunset round the globe, and follow the journey of the evening star till that gentle planet shines on the waters of China. Well has our great poet deserved this universal commemoration—for who has written like him? What poem descriptive of rural manners and virtues, rural life in its simplicity and dignity—yet without a single false outline or touch of false coloring—clings to our memories and lives in our bosoms like his "Cotter's Saturday Night"? What humorous narrative in verse can be compared with his "Tam O'Shanter"? From the fall of Adam to his time, I believe, there was nothing written in the vein of his "Mountain Daisy"; others have caught his spirit from that poem, but who among them all has excelled him? Of all the convivial songs I have ever seen in any language, there is none so overflowing with the spirit of conviviality, so joyous, so contagious, as his song of "Willie brewed a peck o' maut." What love songs are sweeter and tenderer than those of Burns? What song addresses itself so movingly to our love of our old friends and our pleasant recollections of old days as his "Auld Lang Syne," or to the domestic affections so powerfully as his 'John Anderson"? You heard yesterday, my friends, and will hear again to-day, better things said of the genius of Burns than I can say. That will be your gain and mine. But there is one observation which, if I have not already tried your patience too far, I would ask your leave to make. If Burns was thus great among poets, it was not because he stood higher than they by any preëminence of a creative and fertile imagination. Original, affluent and active his imagination certainly was, and it was always kept under the guidance of a masculine and vigorous understanding; but it is the feeling which lives in his poems that gives them their supreme mastery over the minds of men. Burns was thus great because, whatever may have been the errors of his after-life, when he came from the hand that formed him—I say it with the profoundest reverence—God breathed into him, in larger measure than into other men, the spirit of that love which constitutes his own essence, and made him more than other men—a living soul. Burns was great by the greatness of his sympathies—sympathies acute and delicate, yet large, comprehensive, boundless. They were warmest and strongest towards those of his own kind, yet they overflowed upon all sentient beings—upon the animals in his stall, upon the "wee sleekit, cowrin', timorous beaste" dislodged from her autumnal covert; upon the hare wounded by the sportsman; upon the very field flower, overturned by his share and crushed among the stubble. And in all this we feel that there is nothing strained or exaggerated, nothing affected or put on, nothing childish or silly, but that all is true, genuine, manly, noble; we honor, we venerate the poet while we read; we take the expression of these sympathies to our hearts, and fold it in our memory forever.

SPEECH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON,

At the Boston Festival.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I do not know by what untoward accident it has chanced—and I forbear to inquire—that, in this accomplished circle, it should fall to me, the worst Scotsman of all, to receive your commands, and at the latest hour, too, to respond to the sentiment just offered, and which indeed makes the occasion. But I am told that there is no appeal, and I must trust to the inspirations of the theme to make a fitness which does not otherwise exist.

Yet, sir, I heartily feel the singular claims of the occasion. At the first announcement, from I know not whence, that the 25th January was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, a sudden consent warmed the great English race, in all its kingdoms, colonies and States, all over the world, to keep the festival.

We are here to hold our parliament with love and poesy, as men were wont to do in the middle ages. Those famous parliaments might or might not have had more stateliness and better singers than we—though that is yet to be known—but they could not have better reason.

I can only explain this singular unanimity in a race which rarely acts together, but rather after their watchword, each for himself, by the fact that Robert Burns, the poet of the middle class, represents in the mind of men to-day that great uprising of the middle class against the armed and privileged minorities—that uprising which worked politically in the American and French Revolutions, and which, not in governments so much as in education and in social order, has changed the face of the world.

In order for this destiny, his birth, breeding and fortunes were low. His organic sentiment was absolute independence, and resting, as it should, on a life of labor. No man existed who could look down on him. They that looked into his eyes saw that they might look down the sky as easily. His muse and teaching was common sense—joyful, aggressive, irresistible.

Not Latimer, not Luther, struck more telling blows against False Theology than did this brave singer. The "Confession of Augsburg," the "Declaration of Independence," the French "Rights of Man" and the "Marseillaise," are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns. His satire has lost none of its edge. His musical arrows yet sing through the air.

His is so substantially a reformer that I find his grand plain sense in close chain with the greatest masters—Rabelais, Shakspeare in comedy, Cervantes, Butler and Burns. If I should add another name, I find it only in a living countryman of Burns. He is an exceptional genius. The people who care nothing for literature and poetry care for Burns. It was indifferent, they thought who saw him, whether he wrote verses or not; he could have done anything else as well.

Yet how true a poet is he! And the poet, too, of poor men, of gray hodden, and the Guernsey coat and the blouse. He has given voice to all the experiences of common life; he has endeared the farm-house and cottage, patches and poverty, beans and barley; ale, the poor man's wine; hardship, the fear of debt, the dear society of weans and wife, of brothers and sisters, proud of each other, knowing so few, and finding amends for want and obscurity in books and thought. What a love of nature, and, shall I say it, of middle class nature. Not great—Göethe, in the stars, or like Byron, on the ocean, or Moore in the luxurious East—but in the homely landscape which the poor see around them—bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice, and sleet, and rain, and snow-choked brooks; birds, hares, field-mice, thistles and heather, which he daily knew. How many "Bonny Doons," and "John Anderson my joes," and "Auld Lang Synes," all around the earth have his verses been applied to! And his love-songs still woo and melt the youths and maids; the farm-work, the country holiday, the fishing cobble, are still his debtors to-day.

And as he was thus poet of poor, anxious, cheerful, working humanity, so had he the language of low life. He grew up in a rural district, speaking a *patois* unintelligible to all but natives, and he has made that lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man. But more than this, he had that secret of genius to draw from the bottom of society the strength of its speech, and astonish the ears of the polite with these artless words, better than art, and filtered of all offence through his beauty. It seemed odious to Luther that the devil should have all the best tunes; he would bring them into the churches; and Burns knew how to take from fairs and gypsies, blacksmiths and drovers, the speech of the market and street, and clothe it with melody.

But I am detaining you too long. The memory of Burns! I am afraid, heaven and earth have taken too good care of it, to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the window behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide what the waves say of it. The doves perching always on the eaves of the stone chapel opposite may know something about it. Every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns—Every man's, and boy's, and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whisper them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.

POEM OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

January 25th, 1859.

His birthday—nay, we need not speak
The name each heart is beating—
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek
In light and flame repeating.

We come in one tumultuous tide—
One surge of wild emotion—
As crowding through the Frith of Clyde
Rolls in the Western Ocean.

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon
Hangs o'er each storied river,
The swelling breast of Ayr and Doon
With green-sea wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll—
The past becomes the present;
And face to face, and soul to soul,
We greet the monarch-peasant!

While Shenstone strained in feeble fights
With Corydon and Phillis—
While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's heights,
To snatch the Bourbon lilies,

Who heard the wailing infant's cry
The babe beneath the shieling,
Whose song to-night in every sky
Will shake earth's starry ceiling—

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends
And floats like incense o'er us,
Whose wringing lay of friendship blends
With Labor's anvil chorus?

We love him, not for sweetest song—
Though never tone so tender—
We love him, even in his wrong—
His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him not for gifts divine—
His muse was born of woman—
His manhood breathes in every line—
Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him, just for this:
In every form and feature,
Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss,
He saw his fellow-creature.

No soul could sink beneath his love;
Not even angel blasted;
No mortal power could soar above
The pride that all outlasted!

Ay! Heaven had set one living man
Beyond the pedant's tether—
His virtues, frailties He may scan,
Who weighs them all together!

I fling my pebble on the cairn
Of him, though dead, undying,
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn,
Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe
Shall spare the minstrel's story—
The centuries weave his purple robe,
The mountain-mist of glory!

POEM OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A hundred years! they're quickly fled,
With all their joy and sorrow,
Their dead leaves shed upon the dead,
Their fresh ones sprung by morrow;
And still the patient seasons bring
Their change of sun and shadow,
New birds still sing with every Spring,
New violets spot the meadow.

A hundred years! and Nature's powers,
No greater grown nor lessened!
They saw no lovelier moon's crescent;
If she would treat us poets so,
Would so from Winter free us,
And set our slow old sap aflow
To sprout in fresh ideas!

Alas! I think, what worth of parts
Have brought me here competing
To speak what starts in myriad hearts
With Burns's memory beating;
A theme like this would Bryant choose,
Longfellow, Holmes or Whittier;
If my poor muse can fill their shoes,
Pray pardon her and pity her.

As I sat musing what to say
And how my verse to number,
Some elf in play passed by that way
And sank my lids in slumber;
And on my sleep a vision stole
Which i will put in metre,
Of Burns's soul at the wicket-hole
Where sits the good St. Peter.

The saint, methought, had left his post
That day to Holy Willie,
Who swore, "Each ghost that comes shall toast
In brimstone, will he, nil he;
There's nane need hope with phrases fine
Their score to wipe a sin frae;
I'll chalk a sign to save their tryin'—
A hand *sur Vide infra!*"

Alas! no soil's too cold or dry
For spiritual small potatoes,
Scrimped nature's spry the trade to ply
Of *diaboli advocatus*.
Who lay bent pins in the penance stool
Where Mercy spreads her cushion,
Who've just one rule for knave or fool,
It saves so much confusion.

So, when Burns knocked, Will knit his brows,
His window-gap made scanter,
And said, "Go rouse the other house,
We'll lodge no Tam O'Shanter!"
"*We* lodge!" laughed Burns, "now, well I see
Death cannot kill old nature,
No human flea but thinks that he
May speak for his Creator.

"But Willie, friend, don't turn me forth
Auld Clootie needs no gauger,
And if on earth I had small worth,
You've let in worse, I'll wager!"
"Na, nane has knockit at the yett
But found me hard as whunstane,
There's chances yet your bread to get
Wi Auld Nick, gaugin' brimstane."

Meanwhile the unco' guid' had ta'en
Its place to watch the process,
Flattening in vain on many a pane
Their disembodied noses;
Remember, please, 'tis all a dream,
One can't control the fancies
Through sleep that stream with wayward gleam
Like midnight's boreal dances.

Old Willie's tone grew sharp's a knife,
"*Imprimis*, I indite ye
For making wrife wi' the water o' life
And preferrin' *aqua vitæ*."
Then reared a voice with lusty din,
Like a skipper's when 'tis blowy,
"If *that's* a sin, *I'd* ne'er ha' got in,
As sure as my name's Noah!"

Sly Willie turned another leaf—
"There's many here have heard ye,
To the pain and grief o' true belief,
Say hard things o' the clergy!"
Then rang a clear tone over all—
"One plea for him allow me,
I once heard call from o'er me, 'Saul,
Why perscutest thou me?'"

To the next charge vexed Willie turned
And, sighing, wiped his glasses—
"I'm much concerned to find ye yearned
O'Grumly's Cake the Lasses!"
But David cried, "Your ledger shut,
E'en Adam fell by woman,
And hearts close shut with if and but,
If safe, are not so human!"

When sudden glory round me broke
And low melodious surges,
Of wings whose stroke to splendor woke
Creation's furthest verges;
A cross stretched, ladder-like, secure
From earth to Heaven's own portal,
Whereby God's poor, with footing sure,
Climbed up to peace immortal.

I heard a voice, serene and low
(With my heart I seemed to hear it),
Fall soft and slow as snow on snow,
Like grace of the heavenly spirit;
As sweet as over new-born son
The croon of new-made mother,
The voice began: "Sore tempted one!"
Thea, pausing, sighed, "Our brother!"

"If not a sparrow falls, unless
The Father sees and knows it,
Think! recks he less his form express?
The soul his own deposit?
If only dear to him the strong
That never trip nor wander,
Where shall the throng whose morning song
Thrills his blue arches yonder?

"Do souls alone clear-eyed, strong-kneed,
To him true service render,
And they who need his hand to lead,
Find they his heart untender?
Through all your various ranks and fates,
He opens doors to duty,
And he that waits there at your gates
Was servant of His beauty.

"The earth must richer sap secrete,
(In time, could ye but know it!)
Must juice concrete with fiercer heat
Ere she can make her poet;
These larger hearts must feel the rolls
Of stormier-waved temptation,
These star-wide souls between their poles
Bear zones of tropic passion.

"Her cheaper broods in palaces
She raises under glasses,
But souls like these, heaven's hostages,
Spring shelterless as grasses,
He loved much! that is gospel good,
Howe'er the text you handle;
From common wood the cross was hewed,
By love turned priceless sandal.

"I scant his service at the kirk,
He *paters* heard, and *ayes*,
From choirs that lurk in hedge and birk—
From blackbird and from mavis;
The cowering mouse, poor unrooled thing,
In him found mercy's angel—
The daisy's ring brought, every Spring,
To him Faith's fresh evangel!

"Not he the threatening text who deals
Is highest 'mong the preachers,
But he who feels the woes and weals
Of all God's wandering creatures;
He doth good work whose heart can find
The spirit 'neath the letter;
Who makes his kind of happier mind,
Leaves wiser men and better.

"They make Religion be abhorred
Who round with darkness gulf her,
And think no word can please the Lord
Unless it smell of sulphur;
Dear Poet-heart, that couldst like guessed
The Father's loving-kindness,
Come now to rest! thou didst His best,
If haply 'twas in blindness!"

Then leapt Heaven's portals wide apart,
And, at their golden thunder,
With sudden start I woke, my heart
Still throbbing full of wonder:
"Father," I said, "'tis known to thee
How thou thy Saints preparest,
But this I see—Saint Charity
Is still the first and fairest!"

Dear Bard and Brother! let who may
Against thy faults be railing!
(Though far, I pray, from us be they
That never knew a failing!)
One toast I'll give, and that not long,
Which thou would'st pledge if present—
To him whose song, in nature strong,
Makes man of prince and peasant!

POEM OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

How sweetly come the holy psalms
From saints and martyrs down,
The waving of triumphal palms,
Above the thorny crown!
The choral praise, the chanted prayers
From harps by angels strung,
The hunted Cameron's mountain airs,
The hymns that Luther sung!

Yet, jirring not the heavenly notes,
The sounds of earth are heard,
As through the open minster floats
The song of breeze and bird!
Not less the wonder of the sky
That daisies bloom below;
The brook sings on, though loud and high
The cloudy organs blow!

And if the tender ear be jarred
That haply hears by turns
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,
The pastoral pipe of Burns,
No discord mars His perfect plan,
Who gave them both a tongue,
For he who sings the love of man
The love of God hath sung!

To-day be every fault forgiven
Of him in whom we joy;
We take, with thanks, the gold of heaven
And leave the earth's alloy.
Be ours his music as of Spring,
His sweetness as of flowers,
The songs the bard himself might sing
In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum
Of household melodies,
Come singing, as the robins come
To sing in door-yard trees.
And heart to heart two nations lean
No rival wreaths to twine,
But blending in eternal green
The holly and the pine.

AN INTERESTING MEMENTO OF BURNS.

From The Albany Evening Journal, January 26.

The Burns Club of this city celebrated, last evening, the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of the Ayrshire poet. The most interesting incident of the evening was the exhibition of the autograph copy of "Auld Lang Syne." For this the Club was indebted to the Hon. J. V. L. Pruyn, who has recently become the possessor of this precious relic of the peerless poet. Its genuineness is undoubted. Its history is given in the following letter from Henry Stevens, Esq., of Massachusetts, who has devoted many years of his life to the collection of like relics of the past. But among them all, none will be held in greater reverence than this:

Vermont House, 49 Camden Square, }
London, January 7, 1859. }

J. V. L. Pruyn, Esq., Albany—*My Dear Sir:* "Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired Poet who composed this glorious Fragment." So wrote Burns on the 17th of December, 1788, to his friend Mrs. Dunlop, whom he would feign make believe that *Auld Lang Syne* came fra anither han'. It is now acknowledged to have been based "on an old song," but it received its fire from Burns.

The annexed "fragment," containing *Auld Lang Syne*, is part of a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, and is beyond all question in the autograph of Burns. I have placed beside it a characteristic letter of the poet, dated February, 1788, bearing his signature and addressed to John Richmond.

This autograph of *Auld Lang Syne* was for many years in the possession of my late friend William Pickering, the publisher, and after his death it fell, under Sotheby's hammer, in 1855, to me, at a price which I dare not name, but which would have gladdened the hearts of the poet and his poor Jean had they *in time* reaped the benefit. "*For America*" were the only words of the auctioneer that accompanied the fall of the hammer; and as I pocketed the precious relic, "for America" was many times repeated by the poets and scholars present, who had assembled to witness the sale, with a tone of reluctance, at the idea of its leaving the country, that told more of the value of the relic than the gold that I paid for it.

Since then I have often been importuned to part with it, both in England and Scotland, but my reply has always been, "*for America*, where Burns is more read, more admired and more universally appreciated than elsewhere—aye than even in his own Scotland—I procured it, and thither it *must* go."

I am sorry to part with *Auld Lang Syne* in the handwriting of Burns; so I was with the books of Washington, now in the Boston Athenæum, and the sculptures of Nineveh, now belonging to the New York Historical Society, presented by Mr. Lenox; but I do not for one moment regret the *ventures*, but rejoice that I have had the opportunity and been the means of securing these things to my country. They are all now in good hands, and in the right places. Pray guard *your* treasure, and let Americans sing *Auld Lang Syne* from the autograph of Burns every hundred years on the 25th of January, in commemmoration of his birth-day, 1759.

I am, my dear Pruyn,
For Auld Lang Syne,
Yours sincerely,
Henry Stevens.

We subjoin the autograph copy, with the note (on the same sheet) to Mrs. Dunlop, which accompanied it. In this note, as will be seen, he speaks of the song as having been written by another—upon whom he invokes a blessing. In the letter communicating it to his friend, Mr. George Thomson, he conveys the same idea. He says: "The following song is an old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print—not even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing." But, notwithstanding these denials of authorship, it is well known that, with the exception of one or two lines, the song is all his own.

It will be observed that this autograph copy varies, in several important particulars, from that now known as "Auld Lyne Syne." It varies, also, in the arrangement of the verses: but the soul (and most of the body) of the immortal song, as this generation, and as all coming generations will sing it, is here.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon?
Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne;
Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,
For auld lang sye.*

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup!
And surely I'll be mine!
But we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou't the gowans fine;
And we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
Fra morning sun till dine;
But seas between us broad hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And there's a han', my trusty fiere,
And gie's a han' o' thine!
And we'll tak a right good willy waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

* * * * * *

*The n is omitted, probably accidentally, from this word, in the autograph copy.

Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half a dozen of modern English Bacchanalians. Now I am on my hobby-horse, I cannot help inserting two other old stanzas, which please me mightily:

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonny lassie.

[What is given above fills two pages, all there are of this autograph copy. The second stanza, which would, necessarily, have been placed at the head of the third page of the MS, is consequently missing.]

The following is a copy of the autograph letter to Mr. Richmond, referred to in Mr. Stevens's letter to Mr. Pruyn. We substitute **** for a single word. The letter is addressed to "Mr. John Richmond, Writer, Mauchline":

Dr. Richmond: As I hope to see you soon, I shall not trouble you with a long letter of Edin'g news. Indeed there is nothing worth mentioning to you; everything going on as usual—houses building, bucks strutting, ladies flaring, blackguards skulking, * * * leering, &c., in the old way, I have not got, nor will not for some time, get the better of my bruised knee; but I have laid aside my crutches. A lame poet is unlucky; lame verses is an every day circumstance. I saw Smith lately; hale and hearty as formerly. I have heard melancholy accounts enough of Jean; 'tis an unlucky